

INSIDE

JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA AN 8-PAGE STORY-CUM-ACTIVITY PULL-OUT



January 2003 Rs. 15/-

# CHANDAMAMA



New Year greetings to all our readers

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# THE LEGEND OF THE LAKE

One of the natural glories of India is Chilika, Asia's largest salt-water lake.

Flanked by blue hills and studded with isles and islets, the vast span of this glorious salt water lake spreading over some 1,100 sq. km. opens up to the sea, creating an unforgettable sight.

One of the isles has a shrine, dedicated to Kalijai. She is the presiding deity of the lake. All those who ply boats or travel by them pray to her for protection.

Once she herself had faced a calamity. Indeed, she had been a human being, but a girl with a difference. Probably she wanted to devote her life to some spiritual cause; she did not wish to lead an ordinary worldly life. However, her parents arranged a match for her. Kalijai was taken by a small boat to a village across the

lake for the wedding. Midway, the sky became overcast with dark clouds. Strong winds broke out and the swelling waves splashed into the now unsteady boat. All the passengers were panicky, but Kalijai sat calm, eyes closed.

The wind was followed by heavy downpour. So thick was it that those in the boat could not see one another. Suddenly the boat upturned. The passengers, thrown into the water, struggled and managed to swim to the shore. The rain stopped and the clouds disappeared. Well, all were there, but not Kalijai!

It was believed that the spirit of the girl never left the lake. She was keen to protect others. In course of time, people worshipped her and built a temple for her.

### Questions:

1. Which are the three districts that border Chilika?  
.....
2. On which island is the Kalijai temple?  
.....
3. Which place in Orissa is famous for its hot sulphur spring?  
.....

Only children upto 14 years can participate. Write your answers legibly in the blank space provided, fill in the coupon below and send the entry before January 31, 2003 to :

Orissa Tourism Quiz Contest - 2  
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# **The soul of India**



**Touch Orissa to feel India**





**12**  
**Terror on a**  
**Winter Night!**  
**(A Chinese**  
**New Year legend)**



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**(From the pen of**  
**Ruskin Bond)**



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**Three Gifted Men**  
**(New tales of**  
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**and the Vetala)**



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## Protect, preserve mother-tongue

According to the UNESCO, of the 6,800 languages spoken, written, and read all over the world, 90 per cent will go out of use by the turn of this millennium. It is said that civilisations have perished with the decline of the language the people spoke.

India has more than 30 major languages in which literature has been developed, and nearly 500 dialects which people use every day. We all generally have a special love for our mother-tongue.

The mother-tongue is the language a child learns from his or her parents. The child later on develops a very special love for that language.

Languages in general are not only a means of communication that bring people together, but they also build a typical culture.

Languages have also the tendency to borrow from each other. There are several words and expressions that are common to all the Indian languages. This is one factor that has integrated the people. The objective of *Chandamama* in publishing the magazine in several languages is also the same: to bring about an integration among the children of India. This will be possible only if we cultivate our mother-tongue.

Unfortunately, it has become a fashion these days to plead ignorance of knowledge of one's mother-tongue. If a "slow death", as feared by the UNESCO should not happen to any one of our languages, it is time we took efforts to protect and preserve our languages.

*Founded by*  
B. Nagi Reddi  
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Ruskin Bond,  
Manoj Das

*Consultant Editor*  
K. Ramakrishnan

## Words of Wisdom

### Criticism

If an impulse comes to say  
Some unthoughtful word today  
That may drive a friend away,  
Don't say it!

If you've heard a word of blame  
Cast upon your neighbor's name  
That may injure his fair fame,  
Don't tell it!

If malicious gossip's tongue  
Some vile slander may have flung  
On the head of old or young,  
Don't repeat it!

Thoughtful, kind, helpful speech,  
'Tis a gift promised to each—  
This the lesson we would teach:  
Don't abuse it!  
- UNKNOWN

Visit us at : <http://www.chandamama.org>

Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes

# Heroes of India - 16

Here are some of the historical heroes of our country. Do you know them?

Three  
all correct entries  
will receive bicycles  
as awards.\*



1

I'm the greatest of the Kushana kings. I'm often hailed as another Asoka, for promoting Buddhism. Who am I?

2

I built the huge stone dam across River Cauvery. My name literally translates to 'the one with the burnt leg'. What is my name?

3

I ascended the Magadhan throne in 320 B.C. My empire was the first to stretch from sea to sea, the Bay of Bengal to the Arabian Sea. Do you know my name?

4

I'm known as 'the Tiger of Mysore'. I introduced sericulture in Mysore. I made Mysore self sufficient in arms. Do you know me?

5

I donated Rs. five lakhs for gold plating the Hari Mandir in Amritsar in 1802. You know my name now, don't you?

Fill in the blanks next to each question legibly. Which of these five is your favourite hero and why? Write 10 words on **My favourite historical hero is**

Name of participant:.....

.....Age:.....Class:.....

Address:.....

Pin:.....Ph:.....

Signature of participant:.....

Signature of parent:.....

Please tear off this page and mail it to

**Heroes of India Quiz-16**

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

No.82, Defence Officers' Colony

Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

On/before **February 5, 2003.**

## Instructions

1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14 years.
2. \*Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. **Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size.** If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of **My favourite hero.**
3. The judges' decision will be final.
4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
5. The winners will be intimated by post.

Prizes brought  
to you by





# Three gifted men

Once again King Vikram returned to the tree, took down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder and began to walk towards the burial ground. When he had walked just a few paces, the Vetala in the corpse began to speak. "O King!" he said. "You are extraordinarily gifted and courageous.

But are you using those talents properly? Or are you squandering them on wasted exercises, rather like the three gifted men in the well-known story. Shall I narrate it to you?"

And the Vetala began. "Down in a southern state, there once lived a rich landlord who had one son and three daughters. The daughters had been recently married to well to do young men. But the son, Sanghameshwar, was yet to be married.

One year after his sisters went away to their marital houses, Sanghameshwar decided to visit them to find out if they were happy. So off he went on his mission. When he reached his eldest sister's house, she welcomed him warmly. Finding his sister alone that afternoon, Sanghameshwar asked her the all-important question: "How are you, sister? How do you get along with your husband?"

She sighed. "I can't say that I'm very happy," she said. "My husband is very talented and he is also very wealthy. He is a gifted archer, you know. But there is very little work that he can find. So every morning, to keep his skills finely honed, he practises archery using me as his target. He places a bowl on my head and aims at it. I feel quite faint with fear that I may be hit!" Sanghameshwar nodded thoughtfully and soon left.

A couple of days later, he reached his second sister's house. 'But why does she look so wan and pale?' When







he enquired after her welfare, she burst into tears. "I was a lot happier at our father's house!" she wept. "My husband has an extraordinary gift: he can see what is going on in all the three worlds. But what's the use? He spends the whole day watching the celestial dances in Lord Indra's court in the heavens and has no time at all for me."

Her brother consoled her as best he could and promised to do something to change his brother-in-law. He then left for his youngest sister's house.

Here, too, it was a similar story. The girl was unhappy because her husband did not know how to use his talents. "My husband runs faster than the wind, but the problem is, he doesn't know how to use this skill," explained the girl. "Every morning, he dashes off to one pilgrim centre after another all over the country and lights lamps at all the temples he visits. He returns home only at night and he is so exhausted by then that he has very little time to do anything or talk to me." She sighed heavily.

Sanghameshwar took leave of his sister and returned home. After consulting his parents, he invited his sisters and their husbands home for a few days. They arrived.

"I hear that you are all very talented," he told his

brothers-in-law. "Yet I find you do not make proper use of your talents. If you would just take the trouble of visiting the Chola kingdom and meeting the king, you may benefit from that exercise."

The brothers-in-law consented and immediately set out for the Chola kingdom. When they reached the capital, they lodged with an old woman. The three men were surprised to find that all the men and women that they came across in that city looked glum and worried. They asked the old woman, "Grandmother, why do all of you look so sad? What is worrying you?"

The old woman replied: "My sons, you little know how uncertain our future is. Our king is childless and his health is deteriorating day by day. He has been advised by his physicians to name his successor and train him in the ways of administration. Although our country abounds with capable youngsters who can be trained to be a ruler, our king has chosen not to pick any of them. He has set an impossible task and says only the one who can complete that task can succeed him!"

"Tell me, what's the task?" asked the oldest of the three gifted men.

"The king says that the one who brings him a handful of fresh *devaparijata* flowers will be made the king," said the old woman.

"*Devaparijata* flowers?" the three men asked, puzzled. "What are they? Where do they grow?"

"They are rare flowers and the nearest shrub that bears them is more than a thousand miles away from here. They fade away within a few hours of blooming. How can flowers brought from such a distance remain fresh till they are handed over to the king here?"

The three men discussed the issue. At last there was an opportunity to put their talents to use. So, they went up to the king and said, "We can bring you fresh *devaparijata* flowers, your majesty."

"By all means, my boys!" replied the king. "You're welcome to try your luck!"

Then the three went out of the city. The man with the extraordinary vision looked all around and pointed his finger in one direction. "There it is, the *devaparijata* shrub. I am able to see it. It is in a garden that is beyond a forest two thousand miles away from here."



“Thanks, my friend,” said the man who ran faster than wind. “It’s now my turn to prove my mettle. I shall get there and back in no time at all.” He started on his way and was soon out of sight. But the one with the extraordinary vision kept an eye on him all the time. “He has plucked the flowers!” he narrated excitedly, just a few moments after the man had left. “He has started back and is now entering the forest. Oh no! A tiger is stalking him. It’s now catching up with him. What shall we do?”

“Don’t worry!” That was the archer, who was now alert. “Just point out the exact direction where the tiger is and I’ll shoot arrows at him.”

It was soon done. A few moments after the arrows were shot, the man with the vision said, “Ah, your arrow has found its mark. The tiger has fallen dead.”

No sooner had he finished saying that, than the runner was back with the fresh fragrant *devaparijata* flowers. They went to the king and offered him the flowers.

“Which one of you is responsible for bringing these flowers?” the king asked.

They replied, “All three of us had pooled our talents.”

The king was in a fix. He did not know which of the three could be made the next king.

Having narrated the story, Vetala said, “O King, which one of them deserved to be the next king? If you know the answer and still do not speak, your head shall split into smithereens.”

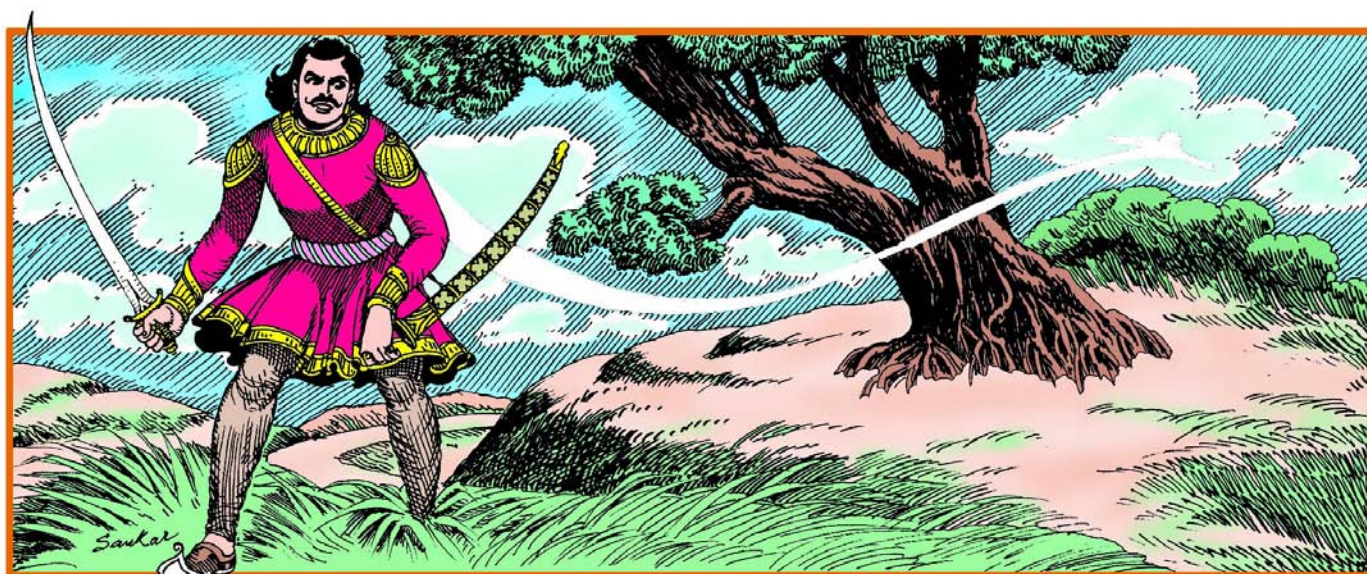
“Not one of the three deserved to be the king,” answered King Vikram. “They were no doubt very highly



gifted, but they had no capacity to make proper use of their talents. It was the landlord’s son that showed such capacity.

Of the four, it is only he who deserves to be the king, because he is astute enough to know how best to use the potential of each man.”

As soon as Vikram had given the answer, the Vetala slipped off his shoulder and glided back to the tree.







STORIES FROM MANY CULTURES

## A CHINESE NEW YEAR LEGEND

# TERROR ON A WINTER NIGHT!

*This year the Chinese New Year or the Xin Nien occurs on February 1.*

*Do you know why the Chinese began to celebrate the New Year? Read this story to find out!*

**T**housands of years ago, there was a beautiful and peaceful town in China. The people of this town were hardworking. After work they would gather every evening to relax and narrate stories.

During the summer season, the young and the old stayed outdoors till sunset. It was time for fun and frolic. Youngsters pranced around in the fields and meadows. Little children sat on their grandparents' lap, reciting rhymes and singing songs.

The winters were very cold. Most people spent it indoors, warming themselves at the fireside. They drank pots of hot tea or warm wine to keep themselves warm.

Then, on a very harsh winter day, something terrible happened in the town. It happened in the only inn in the town which was full.

"Ah! How this hot tea revives one in this cold winter! I couldn't travel further without it," commented a trader.

"Yes, I know. I had a difficult time finding my way to the inn in this snow," said another man.

A teacher chipped in: "On my way back from the school, my foot got stuck in the snow. When I tried to lift it out, it only sank deeper. I panicked. Just then I found a pole nearby and I used it to save myself."

Thus the men in the warm inn cheerfully exchanged their experiences. Suddenly, there was a loud noise. Before they

knew what was happening, a huge monstrous-looking beast crashed into the inn. It fell on the chatting men and killed all of them before they could even take a good look at it.

Only one young boy survived the attack. He had been so frightened on seeing the monster that he had fainted and fallen off the chair. As he had landed under the table, the monster had not noticed him.

The entire town was horrified by this incident. The people grew bitter and angry at the loss of so many dear ones. They set up search parties to catch the monster, whom they called the Nien. But though the search parties looked everywhere, they could not find it.

For the rest of the winter, everyone stayed indoors.

The streets wore a deserted look in the evenings. The doors and windows of all the houses remained firmly closed and locked from inside.

Spring came, and jerked the town back to life. The fields were a lush green once again. Tiny colourful blossoms nodded their heads in the cool spring breeze. Animals and insects darted all over the place.

Now the people came out of their houses. It was time to sow seeds in the fields. As time passed, the people forgot all about the monster and resumed their daily routine.

When winter came next with snow and blizzards, once again the inn in the town was full





of people who had gathered for a little warmth and cheer. But alas! Once again, disaster struck the town! The monster came and killed everyone in the inn – all that is, except one man. He confirmed that the monster he had seen that day was the same as the one described by the boy the previous year.

The town was now burning with anger.

“We must do something about this. We cannot allow a monster kill our people, year after year,” said the headman. The people then went to the wise men for advice.

The wise men said, “Did you notice that on both occasions, the Nien attacked us only towards the end of the winter? Let us be ready for it next year.”

“How should we prepare to face the monster?” a young man asked the wise men.

“The colour red repels evil. Red banners disturb all creatures. Also, booming sounds break one’s confidence. Firecrackers frighten everyone. Now you know how to prepare yourself,” replied one wise old man.

When the next winter came, the people of the town were ready for the Nien.

Soon it was that day again : the day when the monster had appeared in the previous years. All the children and women stayed indoors. The men were outside. Some of them held swords, firecrackers, and torches in their hand, while the others had huge drums and sticks. Some carried large red banners and others had gongs.

Suddenly there was a dazzling flash of light. A loud bloodcurdling roar followed. The Nien had arrived! The fierce looking monster with smouldering eyes and a large bloody mouth appeared from nowhere. It had huge paws and curling ugly claws. A pair of enormous wings flanked its back. It charged at a group of men who had swords in their hand.

But before it could do anything, hundreds of men surrounded it. They beat gongs and drums and waved

***Even today, the Chinese celebrate their New Year for 15 days. Houses are tidied and painted. Many hours are spent baking sweets, biscuits, and cakes. All the members of the family come together for dinner. Prayers are offered for good luck, health, and success throughout the year. Greetings and gifts are exchanged. Friends and relatives visit each other. Dragon and lion dances are performed to usher in luck and wealth. Happy Chinese New Year!***

***- Retold by Vidhya Raj***



huge red banners. They threw heaps of lighted crackers at it. Now the Nien was frightened. It roared in terror. The huge red banners blinded its vision. Its body jerked at the noise made by the bursting firecrackers, the drums, and the gongs. It turned tail and fled!

The men were joyous. “The Nien has gone. It will not dare come again. This is the beginning of a new era. Let’s celebrate!” announced the headman.

This was the first ever New Year that the Chinese had celebrated. The people celebrated their newfound freedom from fear with enthusiasm. They visited each other, exchanged gifts, staged plays, and enjoyed great feasts.





***This month we start a new series of cover stories. This series brings you some well known and some little known stories from Indian history. The first of these is the story of the historical battle between Prince Alexander of Macedonia and an Indian king Porus.***

**P**rince Alexander of Macedonia, in Greece, was on a whirlwind conquest of the world. Riding his great horse Bucephalus and leading a powerful army, he arrived on the banks of River Indus in 326 B.C.

The Greek prince's first encounter with an Indian king was at Taxila, near the Indus. Overcome with fear, King Ambhi of Taxila met Prince Alexander with gifts of silver, elephants and gold and accepted him as his ruler.

Now Alexander set his eyes on the other kingdoms in the region. He sent messages to the kings demanding that they meet him with tributes. King Porus, whose kingdom lay between Rivers Jhelum and Chenab was one of them.

When Alexander's message reached him, Porus replied that he would certainly meet Alexander – but only on the battlefield.

Porus gathered his army on the banks of the Jhelum. Monsoon had set in. It was raining heavily and the river was overflowing. The ground was swampy and slippery.

So although they were ready, Porus's men did not expect the enemy just then. But they were in for a shock.

Alexander's men crossed the angry flooded river

## ***The Jhelum Encounter***



on boats and mounted an attack. Though surprised, the Indian army gave a good fight.

Unfortunately their weapons were not meant for use in wet conditions. Their bows were huge and had to be planted on the ground before arrows could be shot. But the ground being slippery, the bows just would not stand on it.

Blinded by the rain and the marshy conditions, the elephants in Porus's army ran amok, and killed friends and foes alike. The chariots slipped or got stuck in the mud and would not move smoothly.

In spite of fighting valiantly, Porus lost the battle. He was taken prisoner and brought before Alexander. Huge, fearless and proud, Porus stood with his head high in front of the Greek prince. "How do you want to be treated?" Alexander asked him.

"Treat me as you would treat a king!" answered Porus, proud even in defeat. His self respect and pride won Alexander's heart. The prince gave him back his kingdom and made him a vassal. The story of fearless Porus is perhaps the first historical assertion of an Indian's national pride.

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From the pen of  
Ruskin Bond

# The Adventures of Toto

Grandfather bought Toto from a tonga-driver for the sum of five rupees. The tonga-driver used to keep the little red monkey tied to a feeding-trough, and the monkey looked so out of place there that Grandfather decided he would add the little fellow to his private zoo.

Toto was a pretty monkey. His bright eyes sparkled with mischief beneath deep-set eyebrows, and his teeth, which were a pearly white, were very often displayed in a smile that frightened the life out of elderly Anglo-Indian ladies. But his hands looked dried-up as though they had been pickled in the sun for many years. Yet his fingers were quick and wicked; and his tail, while adding to his good looks, also served as a third hand. He could use it to hang from a branch; and it was capable of scooping up any delicacy that might be out of reach for his hands.



Grandmother always fussed when Grandfather brought home some new bird or animal. So it was decided that Toto's presence should be kept a secret from her until she was in a particularly good mood. Grandfather and I put him away in a little closet opening into my bedroom wall, where he was tied securely—or so we thought—to a peg fastened to the wall.

A few hours later, when Grandfather and I came back to release Toto, we found that the walls, which had been covered with some ornamental paper chosen by Grandfather, now stood out as naked as brick and plaster. The peg in the wall had been wrenched from its socket, and my school blazer, which had been hanging there, was in shreds. I wondered what Grandmother would say. But Grandfather didn't worry; he seemed pleased with Toto's performance.

"He's clever," said Grandfather. "Given time, I'm sure he could have tied the torn pieces of your blazer into a rope, and made his escape from the window!"

His presence in the house still a secret, Toto was now transferred to a big cage in the servants' quarters where a number of Grandfather's pets lived very sociably together—a tortoise, a pair of rabbits, a tame squirrel and, for a while, my pet goat. But the monkey wouldn't allow any of his companions to sleep at night; so Grandfather, who had to leave Dehra Dun next day to collect his pension in Saharanpur, decided to take him along.

Unfortunately I could not accompany Grandfather on that trip, but he told me about it afterwards. A big black canvas kit-bag was provided for Toto. This, with some straw at the bottom, became his new abode. When the strings of the bag were tied, there was no escape. Toto could not get his hands through the opening, and the canvas was too strong for him to bite his way through. His efforts to get out had only the effect of making the bag roll about on the floor or occasionally jump into the air—an exhibition that attracted a curious crowd of



onlookers on the Dehra Dun railway platform.

Toto remained in the bag as far as Saharanpur, but while Grandfather was producing his ticket at the railway-turnstile, Toto suddenly put his head out of the bag and gave the ticket-collector a wide grin.

The poor man was taken aback; but, with great presence of mind and much to Grandfather's annoyance, he said, "Sir, you have a dog with you. You'll have to pay for it accordingly."

In vain did Grandfather take Toto out of the bag; in vain did he try to prove that a monkey did not qualify as a dog, or even as a quadruped. Toto was classified a dog by the ticket-collector; and three rupees was the sum handed over as his fare.

Then Grandfather, just to get his own back, took from his pocket our pet tortoise, and said, "What must I pay for this, since you charge for all animals?"

The ticket-collector looked closely at the tortoise, prodded it with his forefinger, gave Grandfather a pleased and triumphant look, and said, "No charge. It's not a dog."

When Toto was finally accepted by Grandmother,

he was given a comfortable home in the stable, where he had for a companion, the family donkey, Nana. On Toto's first night in the stable, Grandfather paid him a visit to see if he was comfortable. To his surprise he found Nana, without apparent cause, pulling at her halter and trying to keep her head as far as possible from a bundle of hay.

Grandfather gave Nana a slap across her haunches, and she jerked back, dragging Toto with her. He had fastened on to her long ears with his sharp little teeth.

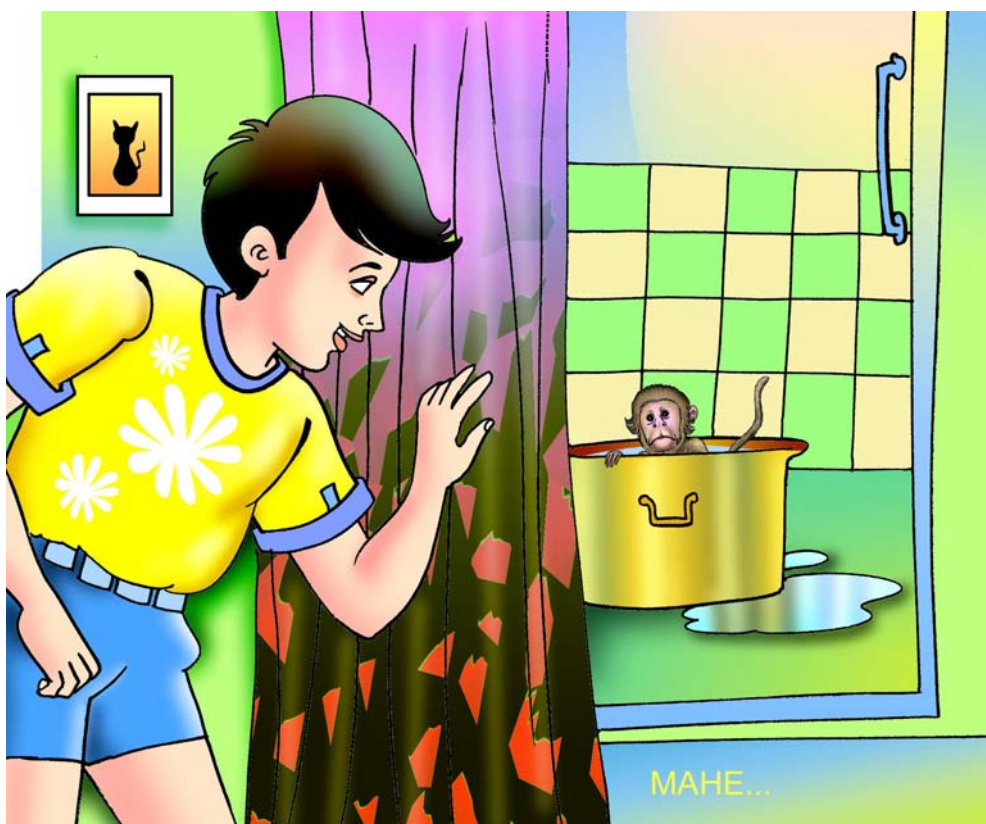
Toto and Nana never became friends.

A great treat for Toto during cold winter evenings was the large bowl of warm water given to him by Grandmother for his bath. He would cunningly test the temperature with his hand, then gradually step into the bath, first one foot, then the other (as he had seen me doing), until he was in the water up to his neck. Once comfortable, he would take the soap in his hands or feet, and rub himself all over. When the water became cold, he would get out and run as quickly as he could to the kitchen-fire in order to dry himself. If anyone laughed at him during this performance, Toto's feelings would be hurt and he would refuse to go on with his bath.

One day Toto nearly succeeded in boiling himself alive.

A large kitchen kettle had been left on the fire to boil for tea. And Toto, finding himself with nothing better to do, decided to remove the lid. Finding the water just warm enough for a bath, he got in, with his head sticking out from the open kettle. This was just fine for a while, until the water began to boil. Toto then raised himself a little; but, finding it cold outside, sat down again. He continued hopping up and down for some time, until Grandmother arrived and hauled him, half-boiled, out of the kettle.

If there is a part of the brain especially devoted to mischief, that part was largely developed in Toto. He was always tearing things to pieces. Whenever one of my aunts came near



him, he made every effort to get hold of her dress and tear a hole in it.

One day, at lunch-time, a large dish of pillau rice stood in the centre of the dining-table. We entered the room to find Toto stuffing himself with rice. My grandmother screamed—and Toto threw a plate at her. One of my aunts rushed forward—and received a glass of water on the face. When Grandfather arrived, Toto picked up the dish of pillau and made his exit through a window. We found him in the branches of the jackfruit tree, the dish still in his arms. He remained there all afternoon, eating slowly through the rice, determined on finishing every grain. And then, in order to spite Grandmother, who had screamed at him, he threw the dish down from the tree, and chattered with delight when it broke into a hundred pieces.

Obviously Toto was not the sort of pet we could keep for long. Even Grandfather realised that. We were not well-to-do, and could not afford the frequent loss of dishes, clothes, curtain and wallpaper. So Grandfather



found the tonga-driver, and sold Toto back to him—for only three rupees.



## Meet the... Gibson Desert Aborigines

How strong are your teeth? Are they tough enough to crack a walnut shell? But you just cannot beat the Gibson Desert Aborigines of Australia. Their teeth and jaw muscles are stronger than yours. So strong, they can sharpen stones with their teeth! Mind you, these tribal people are not strapping, hefty figures. They look as ordinary as any other tribe in the wild. However, the aboriginal children *do* look a bit strange, with their dark bodies and blonde hair.

Life in an arid, rocky region has made the Gibson Desert Aborigines hardy. They can consume large amounts of water and food at a time, and survive long periods without either of them!

The Aborigines manage to find enough grub to keep them hale and healthy, in an apparently barren land. Rodents, reptiles, birds, roots, seeds, berries - anything goes - on their dinner menu. The berries and fruits here are dry, but a good source of energy. Bigger hunts, like kangaroos and emus, are happily shared with kith and kin. They even know how to dig out water from dry streambeds.

No bow and arrows or boomerangs are used here in hunting; just a length of stick would do. This method of hunting with a 'throwing stick' involves immense patience and needs lots of luck.

The 'throwing stick' switches *avatars* in a jiffy: it is used to ward off an enemy's spear, to forage for food, as the base of a fire stick, as a percussion instrument, and even as the handle of a cutting instrument!





# sun and sun worship

The festival of Makara Sankranti, celebrated in January, is well known to most Indians. While this is a harvest festival and very dear to the heart of farmers, it also marks the onset of Uttarayana, or the exposure of the northern hemisphere to the sun. It is believed that the sun takes six months to move from the sign of Capricorn, cross the equator and enter the sign of Cancer.

This period is known as *Uttarayana*. And the period of six months, when the sun moves from the sign of Cancer, crosses the equator and then enters the sign of Capricorn is called *Dakshinayana*. Many communities in India worship the sun on this day.



*The Greeks believed the sun to be the wheel of time.*

In Peru it was believed that the sun was tethered like a llama by an invisible cord to the pole of the sky, and driven around it by the power of the Universal Spirit.

The Masai of Kenya tell the story of the sun being married to the moon! According to the legend, once a great quarrel broke out between the two and they went their separate ways. The sun was so ashamed of himself after this incident that he became very bright so that others might not look at him!

Did you know that the sun has been worshipped by other civilisations as well? In Mexico, Canada, Korea, Japan, Philippines, Egypt, parts of Africa, South America, Australia, and many other parts of the world there is evidence of sun worship.

*There is a pyramid dedicated to the sun at Teotihuacan in Mexico, which dates back to the first millennium A.D.*

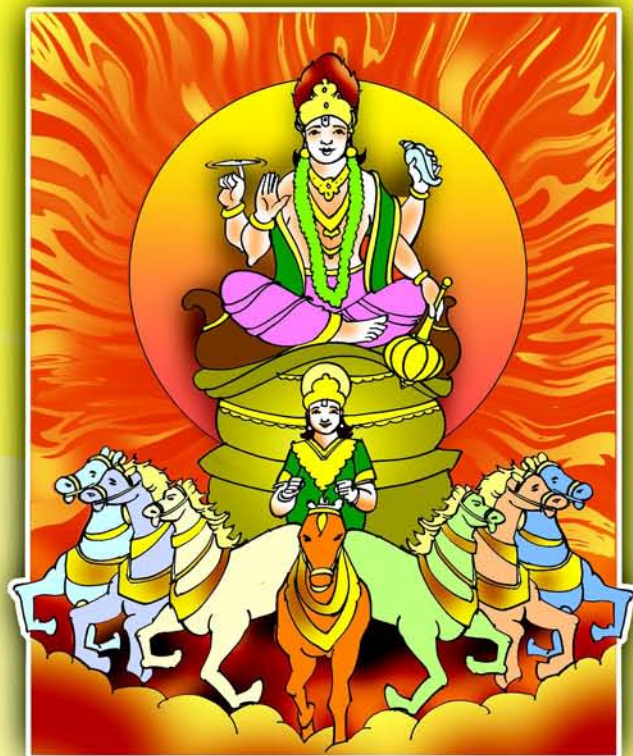




Members of an Indian tribe dedicate everything they acquire to the sun god, whether it be a new piece of jewellery they have purchased or even the humble honey that they have collected that day.

For certain tribes in Australia, if the sun appeared in the dreams of people, it is a good omen. To induce the sun to appear in their dreams, the people would worship sun from dawn to dusk for three full days and top it by spending a whole night in the sun temple! If the sun still did not appear in their dreams, then this was considered a bad omen and the people would drop whatever new ventures had been planned. However other tribes have considered the appearance of the sun in one's dream to be a very bad omen.

In India, the sun god was worshipped as Surya, Mitra, Ushas and Savitr, in Greece as Apollo and Helios, and in Egypt as Re or Ra.



*In India and in many other parts of the globe it was believed that the sun rode a chariot drawn by seven horses across the sky every day.*

People belonging to a South African tribe do not touch food or water before they see the sun every day.



*In Mexico, new born babies are first shown to the sun before being shown to others. Babies born at night are concealed from other eyes till sunrise.*

A sun myth from Mexico speaks of the need to tame the wild sun. The story goes that the sun was once a man who was very devoted to god. As a reward for his devotion, god drew him to heaven. But there he shone so brightly that the world was in danger of burning up in his fire. And so arrows were shot at him to keep his brightness in check!

**Happy  
Makara  
Sankranthi!**





Send your questions to :

**Ask Away, Chandamama India Ltd.**

**No.82 Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkatuthangal,  
Chennai - 600 097 or e-mail to [askaway@chandamama.org](mailto:askaway@chandamama.org).**

**Q** *Is it true that Rishi Kanada of the vedic times, had discovered the atom, but did not reveal its secret for fear of its misuse? Please tell us about his other achievements, if any.*

**-Jyotiranjana Biswal, Durgapur, Angul.**

**A** The real name of Kanada was Kashyap. He is the author of *Vaisesika Sutra*, one of the six systems of Indian philosophy. The concept of *Kana* or atom occupies an important place in his philosophy. That explains why he was called Kanada – the giver of the secret of atom. (In the popular legend, it means the eater of atom, which is not correct.)

No doubt he was the first great mind to stress the importance of atom, but there is nothing to suggest that he had held anything back for any kind of fear. Though one could develop a scientific theory reflecting on a philosophical theory, I do not think Kashyap was ever apprehensive of any misuse of the knowledge he gave.

**Q** *Why are scientists so inhuman that they invent destructive things?*

**- Sushmita Kapadia, Bandra, Mumbai.**

**A** We should not think that scientists are inhuman by rule. This is what the great scientist Albert Einstein advised the young: 'Do not try to be men of success, but try to be men of values. The successful man takes

more out of life than he puts into it. The man of values gives more to life than he takes out of it.' Here Einstein is much more conscious of human values than thousands of intellectuals belonging to fields outside science.

Often a scientist discovers a law without knowing about its possible misuse. Those who were working on the atomic theory in the early stages did not anticipate the atom bomb. Those who put a scientific law to any destructive purpose are not scientists but rulers and others. They, too, are often led by the force of circumstances. The proper use of science will depend on the collective growth of human consciousness.

**Q** *I lost my purse in the bus to a pickpocket. Seven days have passed. I have not yet recovered from the shock. Any advice?*

**- Rohit Roy, Salt Lake, Calcutta.**

**A** I can only repeat what a savant, Mathew Henry, wrote in his diary soon after he was robbed of his purse. I cannot quote the exact words, but this was the sense of his statement: I thank God on three counts. First, I had never been robbed before! Second, though they took much, they could not take all. Third and most important – It was I who was robbed; I did not rob anybody!

**The three  
'R's according  
to the  
Dalai Lama:**





**T**he charming boy who roamed the forest was learned in matters spiritual, but was totally innocent of the world. He was called Rishyashringha, because there was a tiny growth above the centre of his forehead which resembled a horn or *shringha*. That was not surprising. His mother, though a nymph, was a deer because of a curse at the time of his birth.

Rishyashringha was a great lover of Nature. It seemed Nature, too, loved him. Flowers looked brighter when he moved through the forest, and the rainbow looked more colourful. Moreover, rains would come down if he were to look upward.

It so happened that a severe drought befell the kingdom of Anga, ruled by Lomapada. He did not know what to do. Sages, who frequented the forest, knew about the miracle Rishyashringha was capable of. They suggested to the king that the young sage be persuaded to come down to the capital.

The king's ministers, accompanied by some scholars, met the young sage and invited him to the palace on behalf of the king. But Rishyashringha was not willing to leave the beautiful forest, the animals and birds that were dear to him, even for a day. The king's emissaries went back disappointed.

'The young man, who has never been out of the forest, does not know anything about the attractions the world outside the forest can present. But he has a great curiosity

and follows the singing birds or the dancing peacocks for miles in the forest for sheer love of their sound and their gait. We must arouse curiosity in him for something he has never seen,' counselled a wise courtier.

The king instructed a group of beautiful young women, dancers and singers all, to take up the mission. They went to the forest and began to perform in front of Rishyashringha. The young sage was delighted to see them and listen to them. He followed the dancing girls, almost under a sort of spell. He did not know how and when he reached the royal palace. He wondered what the time was and looked upward to see where the sun was. Clouds gathered at once and the rains came down.

The king and queen had come out to receive the young sage. They washed his feet and garlanded him and led him into the palace. The courteous and tender-hearted sage could not refuse. He lived there, as the king's guest, but before long the royal couple decided to give the hand of their daughter, Princess Shanta, in marriage to him.

Now, Shanta was actually the daughter of King Dasaratha of Ayodhya. King Lomapada of Anga had adopted her, the two kings being great friends. Rishyashringha was soon introduced to King Dasaratha, for whom he performed the Putrakameshti Yajna, by which the king was blessed with four sons – Rama, Bharata, Lakshmana, and Shatrughna. **- Vindusar**





*Chivalrous rulers, bedecked camels, arid desert, magnificent forts, brave people. These are just some of the things that come to one's mind at the mention of Rajasthan. The State presents a rich variety of scenery - from the Aravali Hills, one of the oldest mountain ranges in the world, to the sand dunes of the Thar Desert, the only desert in the sub-continent.*

*Considered as the abode of kings, the present State of Rajasthan was formed as a conglomeration of 19 princely states and three chieftains in 1956. The State covers an area of 342,239 sq km.*

*Rajasthan shares boundaries with Madhya Pradesh, Uttar Pradesh, Gujarat, Punjab, and Haryana. It also shares a considerable stretch of international boundary with Pakistan. A few thousand sq kms of the Alwar district of Rajasthan are included under the National Capital Region, which spans the area around New Delhi and is mainly for industrial development of the area.*

*The population of the State is 56,473,122. Jaipur is the capital of Rajasthan. Hindi is the official language of the State. Rajasthani and English are also spoken here. Many dialects of Hindi like Marwari, Mewari, Hadoti, and Mewati are all spoken here. Besides the religious festivals, many other fairs and festivals are celebrated here almost all through the year.*

*The popular fairs are: an animal fair at Nagaur, Desert Festival of folk dances and shows at Jaisalmer, Mewar Festival at Udaipur; the Elephant Festival at Jaipur and the Pushkar Cattle Fair at Ajmer.*

# The Worthy Daughter

When old Thakur Ari Singh fell ill, he realised that he had only a few days left in the world. He called his family and other kin to his bedside. His only child, Lhalarde, a beautiful maiden, stood stroking his withered hand.

His relatives asked, "Thakurji, tell us your last wishes and we shall fulfil them."

"I have myself done all that I wanted to do," answered Thakurji slowly. "But there are *dho* wishes that I haven't been able to fulfil."

"What are they, *pitaji*?" asked Lhalarde.

"My child, I wish that the *todarmal* be sung in my house!"

Now Ari Singh did not have a son. So, how could the *todarmal* be sung in his house? After some silence, one man nodded. "It is possible if you adopt a son!"

But Ari Singh just sighed and shook his head. "It's too late for that!" he whispered. "My second wish is



that some of the famous *degra* of Gujarat be brought here for the use of my family!"

A gasp went around!

"That's impossible!" the people murmured.

"If only you had had a *bahadur beta*! He would have carried out your wishes," said a man, sadly shaking his head. The crowd around him melted away.

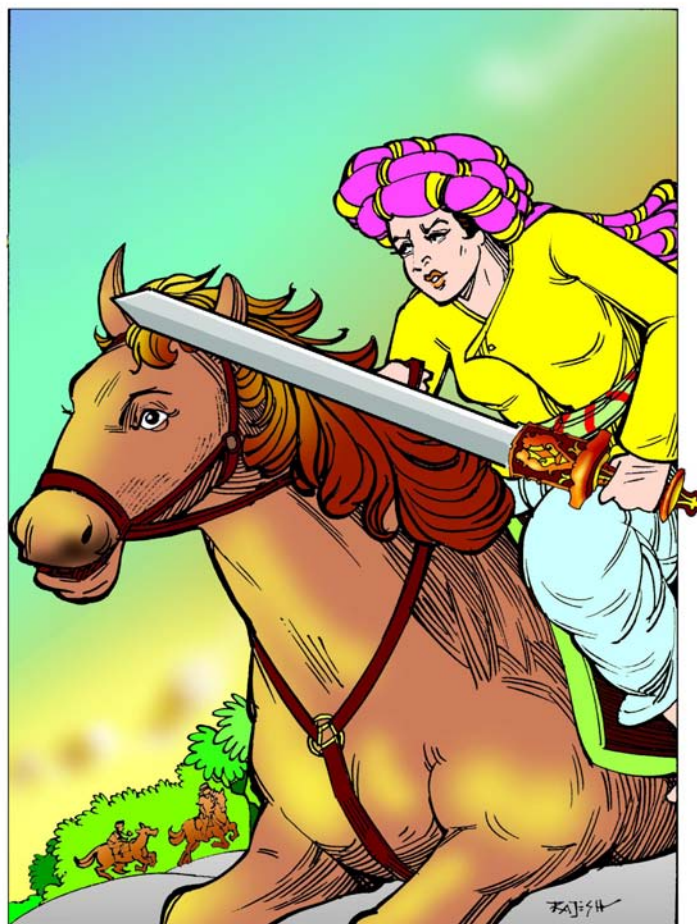
Soon only Lhalarde stood close to him. "*Pitaji*," she whispered, clasping her father's gnarled hand tightly in hers. The tears were trembling in her lovely eyes. "*Pitaji*, I shall fulfil both your wishes."

The thakur peered into her face. He could see the fire of determination in her eyes, shining through her tears. "Thank you, my child. May god bless you!" he said. Within minutes, he died.

Lhalarde set out to fulfil her father's last wishes. She disguised herself as a young man and concealed her long tresses under a *saapo*. Then grabbing a sword she hopped on to a horse and galloped off to Gujarat.

On the way she came across two men on the same mission. One was a Rajput warrior and the other, a *naayi*. The three became friends and rode on together.

At last they reached the city where the famous *degra* were bred. The King of Gujarat's unique *degra* were strangely not sheltered in a stable, but let free in a large open field that was guarded by a special unit of the king's security forces. The king had announced that those who fancied the *degra* could take as many as they desired,



but on one condition: they should defeat the king's soldiers who protected the *degra*.

In a corner of the big field was a big drum. Anyone who desired a horse would beat on the drum. That would bring the soldiers to the scene. If the challenger lost in the

## Arts and crafts

Painting is an ancient art in Rajasthan. The miniature paintings of Rajasthan are perhaps among the most fascinating and distinctive styles of Indian painting. There are many different schools of painting, like the Mewar, Kota, Jaipur, Bikaner, and Marwar Schools, each of which has unique features. The theme of these paintings varies from school to school. The Kota paintings depict the natural scenery of the surrounding areas like hills, rivers, forests, and hunting scenes. Scenes from the life of Lord Krishna are a popular theme in all the schools of painting.

Rajasthan is also known for its jewellery. During the Mughal period, this state was the major production centre of gold jewellery. Gold enamelling is also very famous here. Jaipur is well known for enamelling and for its precious and semi-precious stones. Even today enamelling is done on silver and other metals, apart from gold.







combat that followed, he would return home empty-handed. But if he won, he could help himself to as many *degra* as he liked. However, the soldiers there were so strong and powerful that rarely did anyone win!

That was why the relatives of Thakur Ari Singh did not dare try bring home the *degra* from Gujarat.

When the three reached the field, Lhalarde offered to beat the drum and take on the soldiers. “Could you please choose the best *degra* in the field for us to take away?” she asked the warrior. He agreed.

While he and the *naayi* went after the *degra*, Lhalarde began banging on the huge drum. A big group of soldiers arrived. They were surprised to see just one young man standing there beating the drum. “Go away!” jeered the leader. “We don’t fight with one man armies! Only big, well-armed groups of men come here for the *degra*!” But Lhalarde was unfazed. “Oh come on!” she cried, flailing her sword around. “I can single-handedly defeat all of you!”

“Oho! Ho!” laughed the leader. “Look at you! How you speak! And you haven’t yet sprouted a moustache!”

Lhalarde answered back. “If you have any doubts about my ability, I shall stick my sword into the ground. And if any of your soldiers can pull it out, I shall accept defeat and go away.” The men were amused at this slim young man’s unusual challenge.

Lhalarde plunged her sword into the ground. One of the soldiers stepped up and tried to pull it out! Oof! How well it was entrenched! Try as he might, he could not pull it out.

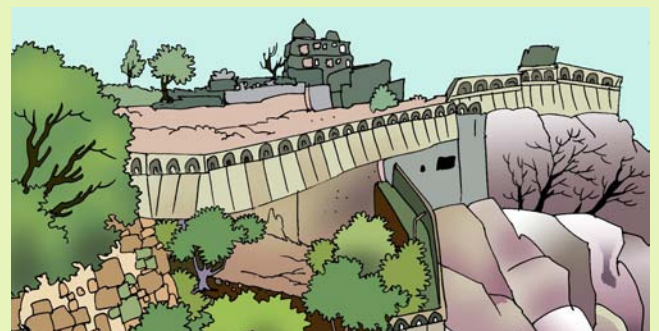
Then he stepped back and another soldier came forward, and then another. But none of them could pull out the sword. Even the leader tried his hand – and failed. They turned quietly and left the field.

Lhalarde pulled out her sword from the ground. As she jerked it out, her *saapo* slipped and the hair cascaded down her back. She heard a gasp and turned around. It was the *naayi*. “You are a woman!” he cried in surprise.

## Forts and palaces

Rajasthan is the land of forts and palaces. The forts are mostly situated on top of the hills and not near rivers. They are also not surrounded by ditches as with forts in other places. This is to ensure that guns fired from them can command a long range. The oldest fort is in Chittor, on top of an isolated hill. The other well-known forts are at Ranthambhor, Jaisalmer, Amber, Nahargarh, Bundi, Jodhpur, and Bikaner.

Being a land of maharajas, it is natural to find many palaces in this State. The Amber Palace at Jaipur is an exquisite specimen of Rajput architecture. The Lake Palace at Udaipur is another architectural marvel in granite. It is the largest palace in Rajasthan. Other famous palaces are the City Palace in Jaipur and the Jaisalmer Palace.





## Glossary

<i>dho</i>	- two
<i>pita</i>	- father
<i>todarmal</i>	- traditional wedding song sung by women when a son brings home his bride.
<i>degra</i>	- horses
<i>bahadur beta</i>	- brave son
<i>saapo</i>	- turban
<i>naayi</i>	- barber
<i>dulha</i>	- bridegroom
<i>baraat</i>	- bridegroom's procession

Lhalarde thought fast. Here was a chance to fulfil her *pitaji's* remaining wish! "I shall!" she replied. "But there's one condition. I shall be the *dulha* in this marriage and I shall bring a *baraat* to your house and carry you away, dressed as a bride, to my home!"

The warrior was aghast. How could he agree to dress like a woman, and that, too, on that very special day, his wedding day? The *naayi*, who had heard everything, advised him to accept the condition. "Don't be a fool," he said. "After all, it is only for a brief time that you will remain dressed as a woman. You won't find another girl like her!"

After a lot of thought, the warrior agreed. Happily, the *naayi* made the arrangements for the wedding.

On the day of the marriage, Lhalarde, dressed as a groom, took the *baraat* to the house of the 'bride', and after the marriage, the 'bride' followed the '*dulha*' to his house. At the threshold of Lhalarde's house stood the womenfolk. They joyfully burst into the *todarmal* to welcome the 'son' and his 'bride'! Lhalarde had fulfilled her *pitaji's* last wishes.

And so, even today, the Rajputs say, "it is better to have a worthy daughter than a worthless son!"

- Retold by Sumy

Lhalarde could only stare at him!

The warrior, who was dividing the *degra* among the three of them, heard the cry and turned. When he saw that their companion was a girl, he wanted to know what had made her disguise herself. Lhalarde frankly told him the whole story.

The warrior was impressed. "You're a brave and enterprising girl! Who says only men can fight and ride and be adventurous? No man could have done better than you."

"But my mission isn't over yet. I must make sure that the *todarmal* is sung in my house! And that is why this disguise is necessary," she murmured mysteriously.

But the warrior did not seem to have heard her. "You are just the kind of girl that I have been seeking. Will you marry me?"





# My Bellure... Kokare Bellure...

The noise down below is deafening, it's worse than the racket that we make in our own colony every evening when the whole flock is back home and trying to talk at the same time!

I should have got used to this noise by now, because it is so common here in this season.

In our colony, the deafening noise of pairs trying to attract each other's attention, and down in the village, the wedding bands! Today the racket is worse than ever because there is a wedding taking place just under our tree! My little chicks are becoming restless. What a noisy welcome on their first day in this world!

You must have guessed by now that I am a bird. I've heard Malu, a kind girl and my dearest friend, say once that they call us the Spot-billed Pelicans. Our colony consists of hundreds of pelicans and painted storks. It's in this wonderful village that we love! We call it *our* village - Kokare Bellure. It's close to Mysore - I know, because Malu goes to Mysore very often.

We spend about six months here every year, give birth to our babies, raise them for some time and then fly away to our summer grounds for the next six months. The flight from our summer homes to this place is full of danger, but once we reach Kokare Bellure we feel safe. As if we were in a sanctuary.

There are many huge tamarind and neem trees here. We love to nest on these. Hundreds and hundreds of us occupy these trees. When we arrive, we can sense the joy and happiness of the villagers. They consider us the harbingers of good luck. We know that they would not let anyone harm us or even cut those trees on which we nest. Sometimes they don't even harvest the tamarind



from those trees where we nest. This must be a big loss for these poor villagers, but they don't want to harm our children. They are our greatest friends.

Would you believe it - they even use our droppings! They call it *guano*, and they say it is the best fertilizer for their fields.

Did I say we feel safe here? Well...almost! This crow sitting on the branch opposite mine has been eyeing my babies the whole morning. If I move out even for a split second, he will make them his lunch! I can never forget what happened to my neighbour yesterday. Their chicks are a little older than ours. And like all growing chicks, they were a hungry lot! How can one parent bring home enough food for a hungry growing family?

Yesterday both parents went fishing, leaving the chicks alone. In a flash, Korvus Crow swooped down and carried away one of the chicks. The nest was shaken up in the process and the rest of them fell out. They were devoured by the greedy stray dogs waiting down below. In a few minutes my neighbour's entire family was ruined!

It was an incident like this, many years ago, that brought me close to Malu, my human friend. Dear Malu - did I mention that she is a bride today? It is she who is getting married right under our tree!

Oh! Let me finish telling you what happened when the crow attacked me many years back. I was so small I couldn't even fly. I fell to the ground; I was terrified. I could see big dogs running towards me with drooling mouths and greedy eyes. My heart almost stopped beating, when someone lifted me off the ground!

Before you could say SPOTBILLED PELICAN, I was staring into a pair of kind, tear-filled eyes. It was

Malu! She saved me from the dogs that day. I was frightened and terrified and I missed my parents who were out fishing.

Malu took me to a handsome man whom she called Manu. He had come to the village a few days ago to find out more about this unique relationship between birds and humans. He helped Malu feed me and dress my wounds. I was too weak even to open my eyes. I stayed in Malu's house for many days.

One day, when Malu and her friends were playing with me, Manu told them all about me. He told them that pelicans are threatened birds. That meant there were not many of us left in the world and our numbers were fast decreasing.

"There are several reasons for this," he explained. "In some places people kill and eat pelicans. At other places they cut the trees on which they nest. Elsewhere, there is no food left for pelicans. Sometimes, people cannot stand the noise they make and, therefore, shoo them away!"

He said Kokare Bellure was a very special village, "but this is not the only village where animals and birds are loved. There are many other villages in India where people look after the birds that come to nest in their trees."

Malu looked at me and asked, "What can we do for chicks like this?" There was silence for some time and then Manu said, "Why don't we start an orphanage and a hospital?" Everybody liked the idea and started planning for it very enthusiastically.

That was many years ago. Now there is an orphanage and a hospital in the village for us. It is run by the youth.

Pelicans (Pelecanidae) are large, aquatic, fish-eating birds. Pelicans often fish cooperatively by swimming forward in a semicircular formation. Spot-billed pelicans inhabit large lakes, reservoirs, coastal lagoons and estuaries. In the breeding season (September to April), they build large nests of twigs in trees in Karnataka, Andhra Pradesh, Tamil Nadu, Assam, and Sri Lanka. In the non-breeding season, they are spread over much of the Indian sub-continent, including in wetlands like Bharatpur near Agra. Pelican populations are rapidly declining, and are now considered globally threatened.

Today Malu is getting married and going away, but I know that the orphanage will go on... Her friends and Manu will make sure that it does.

I must go and see how Malu looks as a bride. Yesterday she came to see me. We looked at each other and there were tears in her eyes. She said she was going far away... far away to Agra and she doesn't know when she will be back. I wanted to say so many things to her but I knew she wouldn't understand.

I wanted to say, maybe she could see us sometime, flying overhead.

Hey! Wait a minute... did she say Agra? Hm.. isn't that the place where we go from here?... Isn't that somewhere close to this beautiful wetland called Bharatpur?

Well, Bharatpur is where we go from here when our chicks grow up.

I must tell her... I must tell her that we shall meet again ... very soon!

- By Neema Pathak

Courtesy: *The National Biodiversity Strategy and Action Plan (NBSAP) and Kalpavriksh*





*Dear eco friends,*

Are you avid gardeners? Don't tell me you don't have gardens! If you don't, buck up, form a small nature club and adopt a garden or park in the neighbourhood. This month we devote our page to issues and activities that touch every gardener's heart. Hope you enjoy it!

Love

KOPRA KUTTY

## Make a bird feeder

Do you love birds but don't know how to invite them to your garden? It's the hand that feeds that rules over hearts. Set up a birdfeeder in your garden. In a week or so, you'll be surprised at the number of visitors thronging your garden.

Choose a spot that is not too windy and that gets plenty of sunlight. Dig a small hole and plant a wooden pole erect in the ground. Nail an old tray to it. This is your bird feeder.

What should you serve your feathery guests? Most birds love sunflower seeds, millets, corn, raw peanuts, grains, grams, nuts, and fruits. Check the birdfeeder every day and ensure that the food is fresh. Don't feed the birds with salted, roasted, or stale food. Sweep away the food spilled by the birds.

Be prepared to face unexpected situations, sometimes heartwarming and at other times, heartrending. You might find a bird of prey swooping down to snatch at your little visitor. Take heart, that is the law of nature. Animals like squirrels and rats might also become frequent visitors to your bird feeder.



The background of the page is a colorful illustration. At the top left, a red-tiled roof of a house is visible. Below it, a brick wall features a window with a wooden frame. A boy is looking out from the window, holding the frame. Outside the window, a horizontal rod holds a bird feeder with various items like corn cobs and fruit. Several birds are perched on the rod and the feeder. Below the window, a yellow bird is on the windowsill, and a blue bird is in a shallow yellow bowl of water. The bottom half of the page shows a garden scene with a wooden fence, green bushes, and a large yellow flower in the foreground. Two yellow birds are in a small pond or garden bed filled with orange pebbles.

## Make a windowsill feeder

If you don't have the space to fix up a big feeder, fix a rod or pole outside your window. Hang a coconut shell (with the flesh) from it. You can even suspend orange rinds, corn cobs, apple, and other fruits from the pole. Fill a plastic tub with seeds and nuts and hang it from the pole. Watch your feathered friends come and peck away!

## Gardening tips

Do you use pesticides and insect repellents? **DON'T!** They are as harmful to you as to the pests and other insects. Moreover, pests and bugs develop resistance to those chemicals after a while, **BUT** we do not.

Don't let caterpillars and other leaf-chewing insects or birds worry you. They too are part of the ecosystem! Insects and plants will survive together; they are meant for each other!

Among the more than one million insect species on earth, only one per cent is considered as pests. The other 99 per cent play a crucial role in our food chain and many are indispensable.

Bees, butterflies, and birds are agents of pollination. Burrowing insects help in the decomposition of organic matter. And worms, caterpillars, and insects make a tasty dinner for birds. So just let them be!

## Make a bird bath

Place a large, circular, shallow earthen pan in the garden. It should be firmly fixed to the ground. Fill this pan with water every day. Watch your bird friends wash themselves and drink. You'll be fascinated by the behaviour of the birds at the bath.





## Have a catch-match!

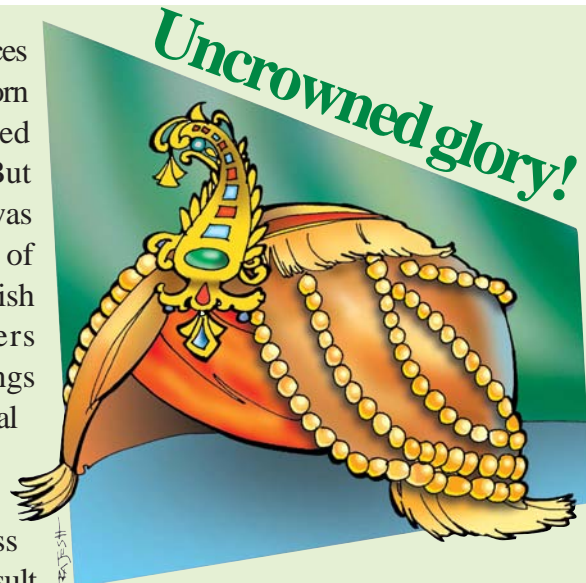
It's a lovely moonlit night, and you feel restless and full of oats. So what do you do? Round up many other like-minded souls and play Nila-puchi! This is a variation of the simple game of running-catching. It is traditionally played in Tamil Nadu. Nila-puchi is played on moonlit nights in open places. The players divide themselves into two teams. One stays in the shadows and the other



in the moonlight. The members of a team can be caught only when they stray out of their territory. Each team sends a catcher by turns to entice members of the other team to stray out and then catch them. And if the catcher is caught in the opponent's territory, his team loses points. Try it next full moon night!

The kings and princes of India have always worn fabulous jewel-studded crowns and turbans. But after Queen Victoria was crowned the Empress of India in 1877, the British rulers issued orders forbidding Indian kings from wearing traditional bejewelled crowns. They felt that kings wearing such priceless crowns would be an insult

to the Queen who was the only supreme monarch of India! But not all Indian rulers gave in to this rule. In 1927, Sayaji Rao III of Baroda ordered for a crown. It was to be designed and created in London by Cartier, the noted jewellery designers. He instructed that the crown should have the sun as the central motif, and that it should liberally be studded with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. It was to have been a multipurpose crown, which could be worn to cover the head or only as a jewel crowning the forehead. However, this crown never got completed because Sayaji cancelled the order in 1935, when he was in his seventies.



## Almonds, not for eating



The next time you count currency notes or coins, think of this! In 17th century Gujarat, bitter almonds were used as money! Around sixty almonds made one paise!

- Compiled by Sumathi S.





# JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA



## DON'T PLAY THE FOOL!

Lomdoo Jackal was feeling very bored. He had just finished eating a big yummy lunch of deer meat. Now he wanted to have some fun. As he sat under his favourite tree, his eyes fell on Plumpoo Pheasant. "Surely Plumpoo can make me laugh!" cried Lomdoo. "I must catch her and act as if I'm going to eat her up. Then I shall make her do all that I want her to!"





Just then Ooloo Owl, who was sleeping in the hollow of the tree, woke up. She overheard Lomdoo. She shook her head sleepily. "Lomdoo, be careful!" she said with a yawn. "Don't play with Plumpoo. She is too smart for you." "Pooh! Ooloo, what can a fat little thing like her do to me?" asked Lomdoo. "You must be joking." But there was no reply from Ooloo. She had fallen asleep again!





Lomdoo tip-toed up to Plumpoo from behind and caught her in his mouth. Plumpoo screeched in terror. "Please leave me!" she begged. "Don't eat me up!"

Then he set her down between his legs. "Well, I'll let you go if you do two things. But if you try to fool me, I shall come to your nest and kill not only you, but also all your brothers and sisters. And your parents, too!"





Plumpoo agreed. Lomdoo ordered, "First you must make me laugh - RIGHT NOW!" Far away Plumpoo saw two men coming. They had sticks in their hands.

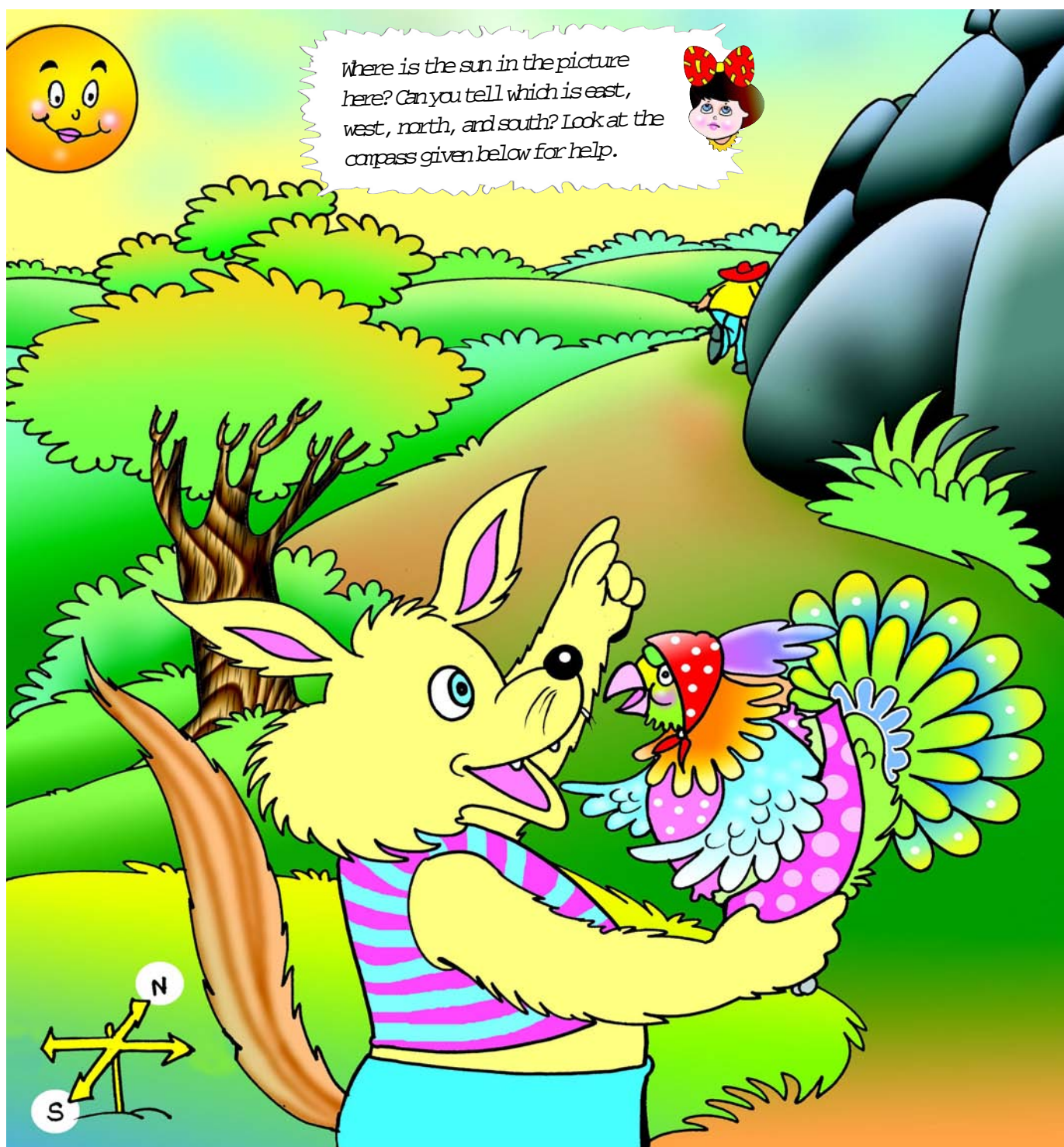
When they came near, Plumpoo flew up and perched on the head of one. She started chirping loudly and scratching his head. The man shouted with pain. His friend tried to hit Plumpoo. She flew off and the stick fell on the man's head. He howled in pain and turned to fight with the other man.





Lomdoo, who was watching this, began laughing. He laughed so much that tears began running down his cheeks. After the two men had left the place, he turned to Plumpoo. "Well done, Plumpoo," he said. "But making someone laugh is easy. Now make me cry."

"Let me fly from north to south in search of things I could do to make you cry," she told Lomdoo. He agreed.





Plumpoo flew north. She saw a strong man with three hunting dogs entering the forest. She had a great idea. She went back to Lomdoo. "Lomdoo, run!" she called out. "There's a pack of hunting dogs coming this way from the south."

Lomdoo was frightened. "Dogs coming from the south?" he gasped. "I shall run to the north then!" He began running.





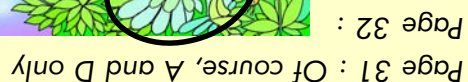
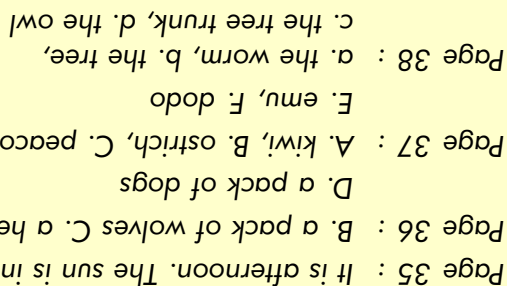
Alas! Plumpoo had tricked him. The dogs were in the north. He ran straight into them. Lomdoo turned back in terror and began to run away. The dogs chased him. "Have I made you cry, Lomdoo?" Plumpoo asked and flew away, laughing. Lomdoo ran all around the forest with the dogs behind him.

At last, he ran into a big hollow of a tree and the dogs lost the scent.





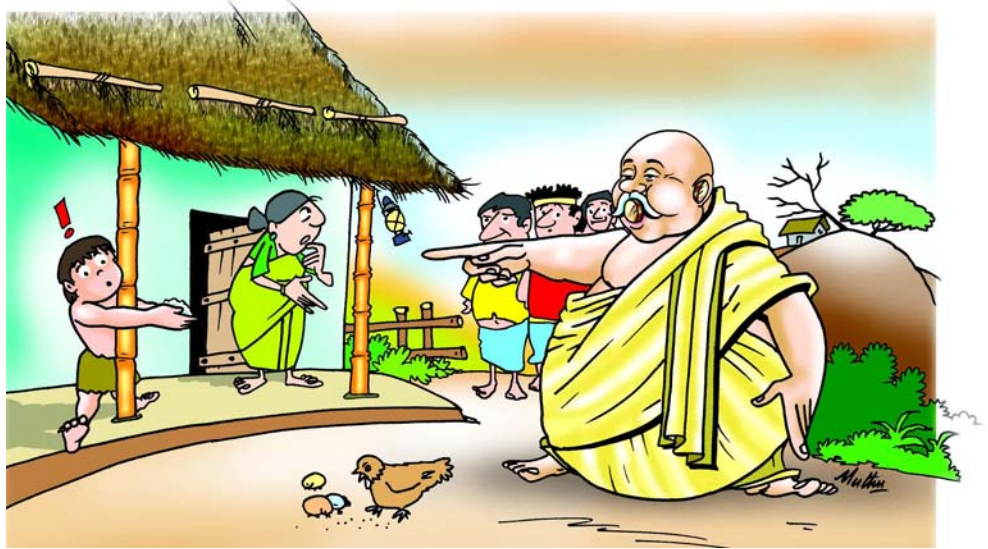
**- Retold by Sumy**



## Chandamama



# Golbol solves a problem



**A**long, long time ago, in a small hamlet, there lived a wise little man. He had a round appearance, with a sweet circular face, chubby cheeks and a red, red nose. His bald pate shone like a mirror in the sun, and he had such a large belly that when he sat down, it comfortably rested on the ground.

True, he was looked upon as the wisest man in the village, but he was rather miserly with his wisdom and would not easily let it flow out of him. So, he always kept his mouth, ears, and even the nose all corked up. Naturally, he did not forget to leave some holes in the stopper that blocked his nostrils. For, he thought that the tiny pores were good enough for the air to pass through, but too small for his great wisdom to escape. He uncorked himself only to eat or whenever he had to give his opinion on matters really grave.

Every day he sat under the banyan tree, his legs crossed. His roundish, owl-like eyes acknowledged with pride the graceful bows and greetings with which the passersby honoured him.

Once an unusual event took place and the whole village was agog with excitement. It so happened that a mother gave her little son a handful of puffed rice. The boy received it in the palms of his joined hands, but unfortunately he had put his arms round a pillar of their hut. As a result, as his hands were full, he could not separate them without dropping the rice on the floor nor

could he move away. He was indeed in a fix and his mother raised a hue and cry.

That brought the villagers to the spot. They took a serious note of the situation. They were, in fact, at a loss how to separate the boy from the pillar. So they hurried to Golbol babu - that was how the wise man was affectionately called- and requested him by signs to take off his corks. But no, he would not allow himself to be uncorked so easily, in spite of all the coaxing of the simple folks. How could he just spill out some of his precious wisdom by such meagre pleadings? Finally, he had to be carried to the actual scene. Seeing the boy in such a sorry plight, Golbol babu at last nodded his round head and conveyed that the case was indeed worthy of his attention.

He uncorked his mouth and quickly blurted out in one long breath: "Oh, now I understand how the whole world would be all dark without me! You fat heads, can't you think of such a simple solution? Just take off the roof and lift the boy over the top of the pillar! Now, quick! Cork me up again!"

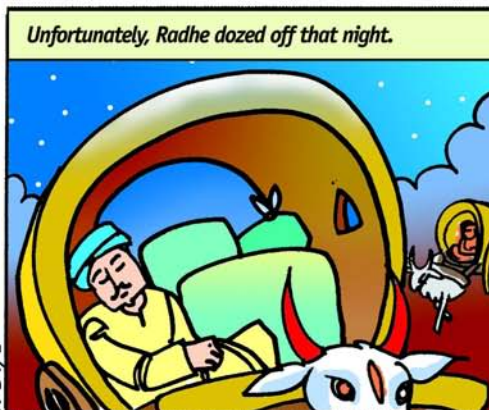
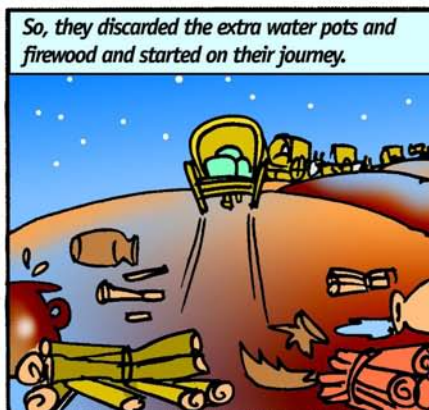
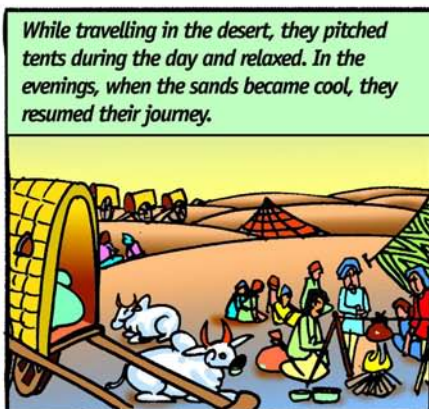
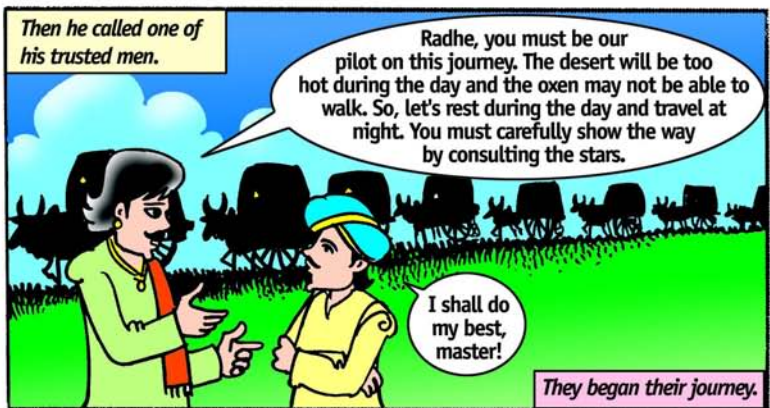
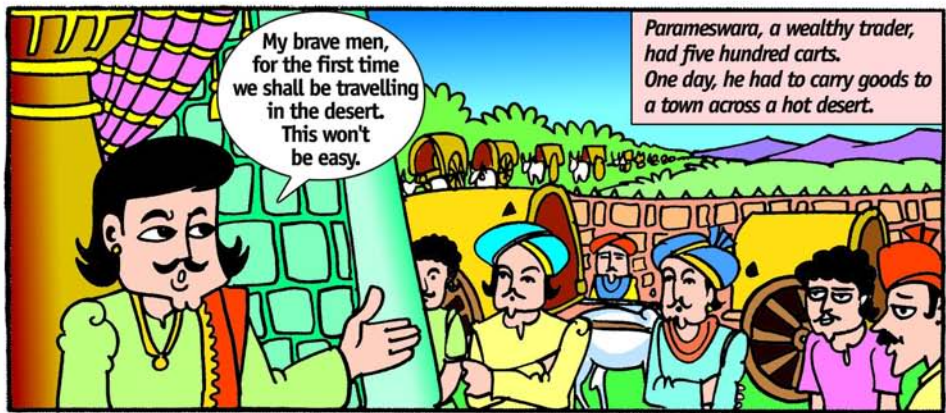
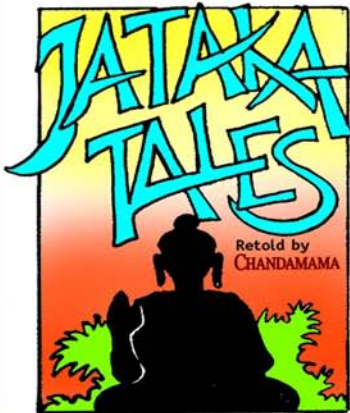
After all, how could he let some extra amount of his wisdom escape? He was always doubly cautious to cork himself up as soon as he had spoken.

So the boy was safely lifted over the pillar. The mother was rather grateful to our round little wise man, Golbol babu, for so cleverly getting her son out of the crisis, though at the cost of the thatch of her roof!

***'Garuda the Invincible' has been held over this month. The next episode of the comics will be carried next month. The inconvenience is regretted.***

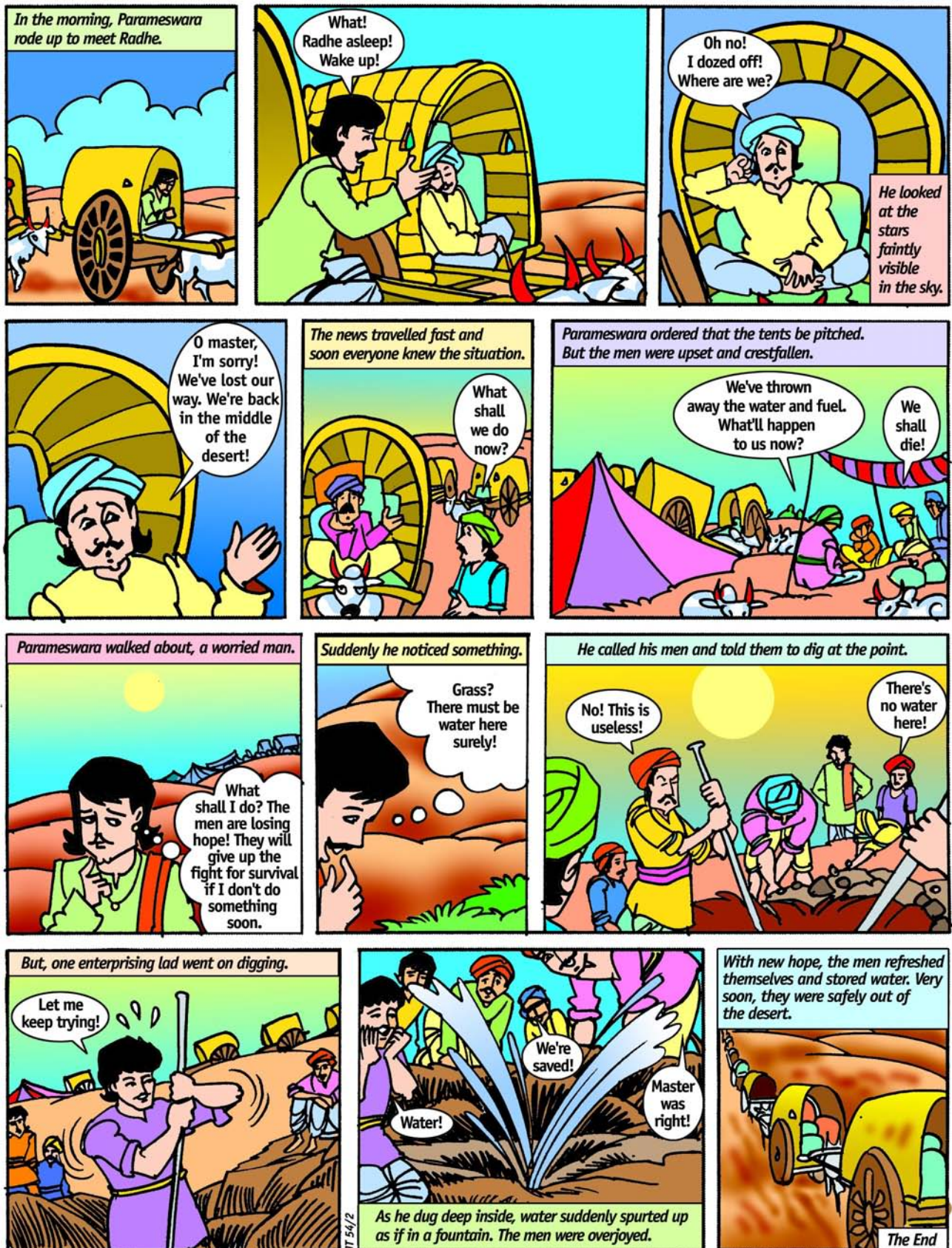


# Jataka Tales : Water saves the day





# Jataka Tales : Water saves the day





# HOW THE MOONLESS NIGHTS BEGAN

Long, long ago, in a village deep in south India, lived a sincere and hardworking couple. They were very sad because they did not have a child.

One day something strange happened. It was a moonlit night. In fact, those were times when the moon - and a full moon at that - shone every night all year round! The lady sat inside their thatched hut, cooking. Her husband was yet to return from work. She sat alone and felt like talking to someone. Looking at the moon, she said, "What a wonderful baby of the sky you are! If only I could touch you! That would bring me great satisfaction!"

It so happened that the moon was just then gazing at the lady. He heard what she said. Kind that he was, the charming moon-god assumed the form of a little boy and descended outside her window.

"*Amma*, I'm hungry indeed. What have you to offer me?" he asked. The lady was so thrilled at being called '*amma*', which means mother, that she sat speechless for a moment.

Then she ran out to the verandah and held the baby of the sky by the hand and brought him in. "I've some hot rice for you - and yes - some milk, too!" she said.

"That's great!" said the moon-god and he ate and drank with relish and took leave of her.

"Will you come again?" she asked him.

"Why not!" said the moon and he left.

Next night, the lady kept looking at the moon right from the moment the horizon smiled with his presence. There was so much love and affection in her eyes that the moon was obliged to visit her again. Again she fed him with rice and milk.

This went on for nights together. The woman's

husband was surprised to see a great change in her appearance and mood. Now she always looked happy and excited. One day, her husband asked her what made her so happy.

She told him how she had found a child in the moon-god who visited her every evening.

"Moon-god can hardly be your real child. But since he is a god, he can, if he so pleases, give you a boon that would give you a child," said the husband.

That night the moon-god saw the lady looking very pensive. "*Amma*, what is your *asai*?" In Tamil, *asai* means hope or desire.

"O my divine son, I want to have a child of my own!" said the woman.

"I'll pray for you and your wish will be fulfilled," said the moon-god. "But you wouldn't forget me, would you?" he laughed as he departed.

Imagine the lady's happiness when a son was born to her. Now she had her very own child, but she never neglected feeding the moon-god every night.

Some years passed. One day the lady fell ill. When she felt that her end was nearing,

she called her son to her side and said, "The moon will come at night. Serve him rice and milk as I've been doing."

Then she died. The little boy cooked the rice and boiled the milk and waited for the moon-god. He came and looked for his *Amma*. "She is no more!" said the boy.

The moon-god cried out, "O my *Amavasai*!" Then he disappeared. And that night there was no moon in the sky.

Since that day, once every month the moon disappears totally - as a mark of mourning for his earthly mother. As he had cried out "O my *Amavasai*" - (mother of desire) before disappearing, the moonless night is called *amavasai* or *amavasya*.





# Children IN THE NEWS



## Tia for tips

Five year old Tia Lavern Roberts of London has never been inside a stock exchange, but she can give you tips! On a particular day, there was a 16 per cent drop in some of the leading scrips, but her portfolio of shares rose by 5.8 per cent because of the correct predictions she made. On the same day, one well-known market analyst lost more than 46 per cent, while an astrologer's portfolio dropped by 6.2. As the year ends in the next six weeks, her pick of blue chips include Cadbury Schweppes, Prudential, and Pearsons.

## The youngest summiteer



As he was climbing the Everest, 16-year-old Temba Tsheri lost a finger, but he did not give up and reached the summit. This was two years ago. The *Guinness Book of World Records* recently decided to give this Nepalese Sherpa an entry as the youngest Everest summiteer.

## Success at 6, not 16

A 6-year-old girl in Maidstone, London, has passed the GCSE (equivalent to Secondary School Certificate). Children are usually 15 or 16 when they complete this examination. Geetha Thaninathan secured a "C" Grade in her Information Technology paper, but her ambition is to study Medicine and become a doctor. She studied part time at Ryde College, near Watford, for four hours every Saturday for a year before she appeared for the GCSE.



Chandamama

## Jungle, but not city life!



Jantan Bahari (16) has said 'no' to school and an opportunity to live in urban surroundings. He told the authorities, who had gone to him with attractive incentives, that he would prefer to remain in the jungle. He belongs to the smallest surviving tribe in Temok, in Malaysia. "I love the jungle and I will not exchange it for urban living," he said, with determination writ large on his face. He lives in a wooden hut along with his family of nine in a forest near the timber-rich Pahang State. "The jungle gives me inner peace." Father Bahari Cupi added: "The rain forest is stimulating; it is where my children will live and die."



# Story of Ganesa

## 13. Krishna and Vinayaka Chathurthi

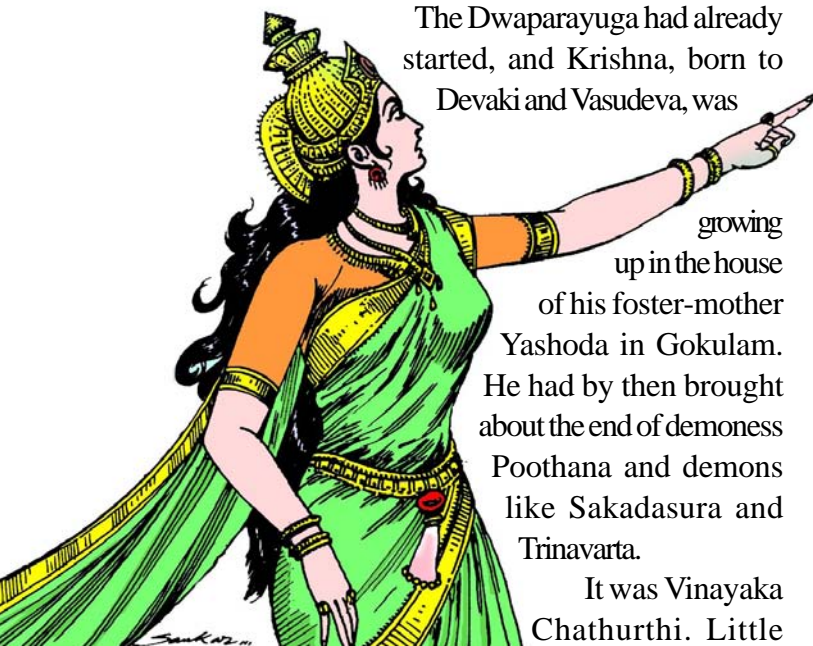
**V**ighneswara was taking a stroll one night when his attention was drawn to the bright moon in the sky. It was the fourth day (*Chathurthi*) after the new moon. He compared the whiteness of the moon with the white colour of his tusks. He did not notice the stone lying in his path. He knocked against it and fell down.

As he fell flat on his stomach, he was hurt and his stomach sustained a tear, spilling all the food he had eaten. The crescent shaped moon, which was watching the incident, could not help laughing loud and long.

Some of the devas, who were also witness to the incident, rushed to the help of Vighneswara. They gathered him on their lap and set right the tear on his stomach with a piece of snake skin.

Vighneswara's affectionate mother, Parvati, could not bear the sight of her suffering son and was angry with the moon for causing the accident to her dear son. She cursed the moon and said whoever were to look at him on Chathurthi would become the butt of shame and insult for no reason whatsoever. From that day, women took great care to ensure that their children avoided looking at the moon on what came to be known as 'Vinayaka Chathurthi day.'

The Dwaparayuga had already started, and Krishna, born to Devaki and Vasudeva, was



It was Vinayaka Chathurthi. Little

Krishna, in a playful mood, had climbed on to the back of Yashoda who was on all fours. Krishna had a pot of milk in his hands and was looking at the moon reflected in the milk. "Did you say there is moon in the milk, my child?" Yashoda queried. "Are you blaming the moon?"

"What'll happen, mother, if I said so?" said Krishna nonchalantly.

"Nothing, except that people will call you a thief, having caught the moon and put it in a pot!" cautioned Yashoda.

"Not to worry, mother, I shall swallow the moon and drink the milk and empty the pot!" said Krishna, lightly.

"You naughty fellow!" Yashoda chided Krishna. "Do you expect the universe to break up if you were to swallow the moon?" she gave him an affectionate pinch.

"As if you've seen the entire universe!" Krishna continued his banter.

"I might not have," said Yashoda, drawing him into her hands and giving him a hug.

"Will you then allow me to look at the moon?" asked Krishna innocently.

"I won't advise you to do that, especially now when you're growing," said Yashoda. She then prayed to Vighneswara, silently: "O Vinayaka! Please bear with this little fellow. He has only seen the reflection of the moon in the milk!"

The next day, Balarama ran up to Yashoda. "What's the matter, my son?" she enquired. Fear was writ large on her face.

"Mother, I saw Krishna eating mud!" he said, excitedly. "I'm not lying. You can come and see for yourself!"

Balarama then led Yashoda to where Krishna was still at his mischief. He was about to put a lump of mud into his mouth when





Yashoda caught hold of his hand and screwed his ear. “You naughty fellow! Open your mouth!” she ordered.

“Evidently somebody has been carrying tales to you, mother!” Krishna protested. “Yes, I remember, it was only yesterday you were warning me that people might accuse me of misbehaviour! I’m only making laddus out of mud and eating them.”

“Maybe, but I want you to open your mouth,” Yashoda insisted. She once again prayed to Vighneswara. “O Vinayaka! Please forgive my child!

Don’t take his words seriously, please!”

“I’m sure Vighneswara will forgive me,” said Krishna. “Mother, you must prepare sweets and offer them to Vighneswara when Vinayaka Chaturthi comes next. Let me see how much he will eat!”

“Krishna, you forgot that I had asked you to open your mouth!” Yashoda reminded him and forced open his mouth, only to faint after she saw the whole universe, the entire solar system, the sun, the moon, and the stars, oceans and seas, and long mountain ranges! She also saw herself milking a cow and little Krishna fondly embracing her from behind.

Was she dreaming? Yashoda wondered. Krishna patted her cheek. “Mother, are you satisfied?” Yashoda shook herself and looked into his mouth which he had now kept wide open. Yashoda could see the devas; also Krishna playing the flute and dancing on the hood of Kaliya the serpent. She once again swooned, and when she regained consciousness, she saw some *gopikas* around her. “What happened to me?” she asked them.

“We don’t know what had happened to you, mother,” the girls said, “but we saw your beloved son and his friends stealing milk, curd, and butter from our houses!”



Yashoda was angry with them. “Take it from me that none of your milk, or curd or butter is in my house! You may go away from here!”

Krishna slowly went closer to Yashoda and asked casually, “What happened, mother?”

“Whatever I was apprehending has happened,” said Yashoda, putting out a sad face. “People are finding fault with you; they come out with several complaints!”

“Mother, don’t worry,” responded Krishna, “the complaints are true!”

Yashoda was now really cross with Krishna. She led him by his hand to a mortar lying in the yard, and tied him to it with a rope. The moment she went away, little Krishna dragged the mortar in between two trees which now got uprooted. From out of the base of the trees came out two *gundharvas* who had been under a curse. They bowed to Krishna and rose up into the skies singing his praise.

It was Vinayaka Chaturthi once again. Nanda, the foster-father of Krishna residing in Gokulam, made an image of Vighneswara, while Yashoda prepared varieties of sweets and placed them before the idol kept in the puja room. She closed the door behind her and came away, expecting the Lord to partake of the sweets on that auspicious day.

Meanwhile, Krishna found his way to the puja room. He sat in front of the idol of Vighneswara. “Brother, please eat all these delicacies. Today is an auspicious day.”

Vighneswara now picked up the sweetmeat with his trunk and began eating them one after the other. “Krishna, you must share these with me and eat whatever I give you. This will be hailed as a glorious occasion!”

**(To continue)**





## Forensic Science



The term might not be new to you, if you are a passionate reader of crime and detective novels. Footprints, fingerprints, forgeries, post-mortems – they are all various aspects of forensic science, which is popularly associated with the scientific investigation of crime.

Actually its scope is very wide. Apart from civil and criminal cases, even patent litigations, insurance claims, sale of food and drugs are covered under forensic science.

Forensic scientists use knowledge and tools drawn from various other sciences, like physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, photography and medicine. Fingerprinting, analysis of substances, forgery detection, matching bullets to guns, cause for arson, and DNA analysis – all come under forensic science. Police and other investigating agencies use these findings in their investigation.

Nowadays, this science is also used to verify whether a country is clandestinely developing nuclear, biological and chemical weapons.

Forensic medical science is a separate branch in itself. It is mainly concerned with pathology or examination of the cause of death.

## Flying fish

Everybody knows that fish swim in water. But can they fly? The flying fish do not really fly; they only glide above the surface of the sea. Their flights are too short to be called a true flight. They use their pectoral fins as wings and their tails as rudders.

First, the fish swim upwards rapidly, all the while beating their tails back and forth as much as 50 times a second. This helps them to lift off into the air. They then stretch out their fins and hold them rigidly and glide through the air.

They fly at an average speed of 56 km per hour. They can glide as far as 100 m and as high as one metre above the surface of the water.

There are about 50 species of flying fish. These fish use their unusual talent to escape their predators, like the tuna, swordfish, and other huge fish. They feed on small crustaceans and other planktonic animals.







## Fluoroscope

This is an instrument used by physicians to make an accurate diagnosis of an illness. It helps observe the bone structure and the internal organs at the same time. It also shows up foreign objects present in the body.

The fluoroscope consists of two parts – the x-ray tube and the screen. The screen is made of cardboard covered with fluorescent substances like barium platinocyanide, calcium tungstate, or other crystals. They change the invisible x-rays into visible light. By passing the x-ray through the body, the fluoroscope displays on a screen, opaque or partially opaque images inside the human body.

The fluoroscope is always used in a dark room. The x-ray tube and fluorescent screen are placed on either sides of the patient, in front of the body part that has to be examined. The x-rays passed through the body are partly blocked by the bones and internal organs. And a shadow image of the organs is cast on the screen. If the organ is thick or more opaque, fewer x-rays pass through them and cast darker shadows on the screen.

Fluoroscope is used mainly in detecting lung, heart or stomach diseases. Besides diagnosis, physicians also use it for treating hidden organs and for removing small tumors without major surgery. There are many different types of fluoroscopes today which use advanced and sophisticated technology.



## Activity

**Most inventions are named after the persons who created them. Given below are pointers to a few inventions and their inventors. Can you find them all? Here is a clue : the names of all the inventors begin with 'F'.**

1. This German scientist invented a scale to measure temperature. It is named after him.
2. An American engineer constructed the first steam warship in 1814. The ship was given his name.
3. Considered as a pioneer in automobile industry, he revolutionized car manufacturing. Does it need to be said there are some models of cars that go by his name?
4. He built a huge carousel for the Chicago World Fair held in 1893. The event commemorated the 400<sup>th</sup> year of Columbus's arrival in America. The fun wheel is known by his name.

**Answers :** 1. Daniel Gabriel Fahrenheit, 2. Robert Fulton, 3. Henry Ford, 4. George W. Ferris



# A GAME OF CHESS



**L**ong, long ago, there lived a king who loved to play chess. We don't know much about him, but for the sake of the story, let's just call him Chatur Ranga of Shatranjpur. He was a brilliant player and no one could beat him at his favourite game.

Of course, everyone in the kingdom wanted to play chess with the king. Imagine how grand you would feel if you could tell people that you are just coming away after playing chess with the king. That's how everyone in the kingdom wanted to show off! But Chatur Ranga found it irritating to play chess with rank beginners who didn't know a bishop from a knight!

One fine day, an ignorant player maddened him by wrongly addressing the queen and king pieces as pawns. The furious king then declared that any player who lost to him at chess would be beheaded.

Now, of course, no one wanted to lose his head just for the sake of playing chess with the king. So, they stopped pretending to be chess players and Chatur Ranga finally heaved a sigh of peace! Many months passed. Then one day, a young girl from a neighbouring kingdom came to his palace. She challenged the king to a game. She looked bright and smart, so he felt sorry for her.

"Listen, dear girl!" said he. "Do you know anything at all about chess? I mean being a girl, you might prefer playing with dolls."

"King Chatur Ranga, sir!" said the girl, whose name was Preethi, very patiently. "Which century are you living in? This is the fifteenth century and we girls have come a long way. Of course, I know chess, and I've outgrown dolls! I also know wrestling and archery, for your information!"

The king smiled doubtfully. "If you say so," he said, nodding. "But it is my duty to warn you. If you lose the game, you lose your pretty head, too! So think again before you challenge me."

Preethi continued to smile. "Yes, your majesty, I know that. Maybe I will lose the game and my head. On the other hand, I may win. Then, what's to happen?"

"Impossible!" snorted the king. "No one has beaten me for years. But if by some luck you do manage to win, you can have anything you wish."

"Thank you, your majesty," said Preethi "but all I want would be some corn. And let it be measured by a chessboard. That is to say for the first square on the board, I get one ear of corn, for the second I get double that, and for the third, double the corn in the second and so on, until all the sixty-four squares of the board are accounted for."

Chatur Ranga was very amused. "You could have asked for gold, jewels or even a part of my kingdom. Instead you ask for corn – just like a woman!"



Preethi merely shrugged her shoulders. “Your majesty, excuse me for saying this: you don’t *know* women! You will see that my victory here will be a double win!”

“Well, we shall see,” laughed the king. And he ordered one of his ministers to fetch the chess set, and sent another to tell the executioner to have the sword sharpened.

The game started well for Chatur Ranga. His bishop gobbled up several pawns of the girl. And then her black knight fell, and then her two bishops. But Preethi still looked quite unconcerned, and you would never think that her head was at stake!

Then the king, feeling quite overconfident, made one wrong move. Preethi grabbed the chance with both her hands and the next time the king looked at the board, he was horrified to see that he was ‘checkmated!’ He had lost the game.

“Well, well!” said Chatur Ranga, clearing his throat. “You were right and I was wrong. Girls are pretty smart these days. And you play chess quite well!”

Then he asked her, “Before we began the game, you said something about a double win. What did you mean by that?”

“I’ll explain that after I receive my prize of the corn,” replied Preethi. The king was still curious, but he ordered that the corn be measured as she had asked for. The Chief Minister hurried away to do so, but after an hour, he returned looking very dazed and bewildered.

“Your majesty,” he stammered, “the store keepers

tell me that if you take one ear of corn and double it sixty-four times according to the number of squares on a chess board, the total number of corn cobs comes to a figure well over eighteen million, million, million!”

“What’s more,” said the shaken minister, “the store keepers tell me that if we employ a hundred men to work day and night, it would take many years to count such a huge number. But that does not really matter because we do not have so many ears of corn in the kingdom. Nor can we grow so much in a lifetime!”

The king was dumbfounded. When he recovered his composure, he told Preethi, “Well, you have certainly had a double win! You won the game, and then I cannot pay you the reward I promised. But you have taught me a lesson: a game is a game and cannot have serious conditions attached to it. In future, there will be no more beheadings. I’ll play chess for the enjoyment of the game. And never will I underestimate the intelligence of women!”

King Chatur Ranga rewarded Preethi with expensive books, precious manuscripts, gorgeous jewellery and silks before she left for her country. And from then on, the palace gates were kept open for all aspiring chess players, even those who did not know a bishop from a knight.

But King Chatur Ranga now treated them with more sympathy. He appointed a smart young man as his official Chess Representative and only those who could defeat *him* at chess were allowed to play with the king!

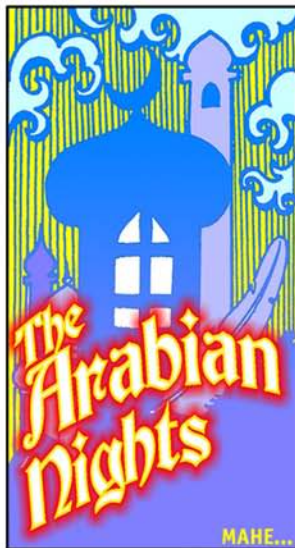
## A Female Saint!



Heard of saints? Here’s one you would not have heard of. In mediaeval England, a mysterious cult of Saint Uncumber was reported for a brief time. This was a bearded female saint who, according to a legend, had been crucified. It was reported that she was worshipped specially by women who were weary of their husbands, for one reason or the other. They would offer her oats and it was believed that this would help bring horses which would carry their husbands away and leave them in peace. This cult flourished in France, Bohemia, Belgium, Spain, Germany and Belgium, too.



# The Arabian Nights : The Mysterious Woman



Sadiq guarded the city gates of the ancient city of Cairo in Egypt. He would stand guard the whole day, and when dusk fell, he would close and lock the gates and go home.



One evening, as he locked the city gates and turned his steps homeward, a small silken purse fell before him.



What's this?  
Who threw it here?  
What does it contain?

Sadiq opened it with excitement and curiosity.



Gold coins!  
Lots of them!

He looked all around, but could see no one who could have left it there. So he took the purse happily and ran home with it.



The next evening, another silken purse fell in front of him on the road. This time, as he picked it up, he heard a giggle. He turned to see who it was. A beautiful young woman emerged from the shadows.



Is it you who have been throwing silken purses around?

Yes, it was I.

But why?

I threw the purses in your way because I want a favour from you.

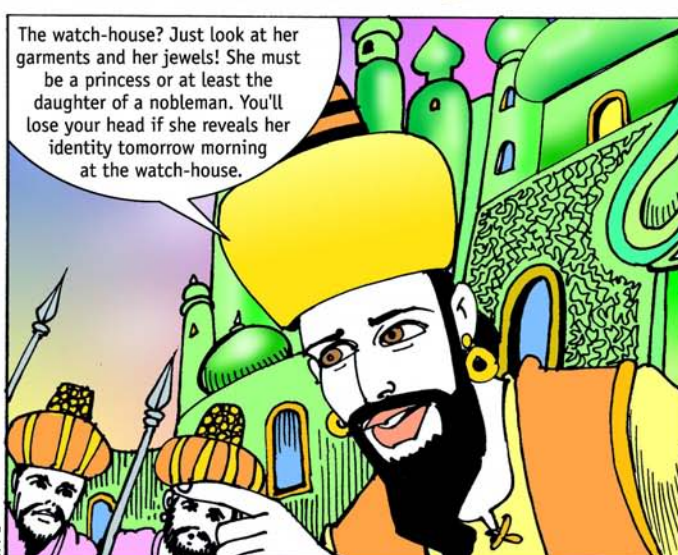
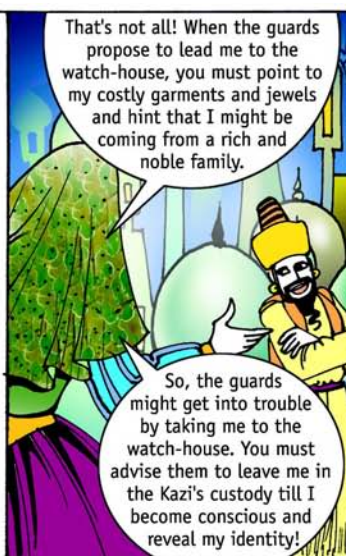
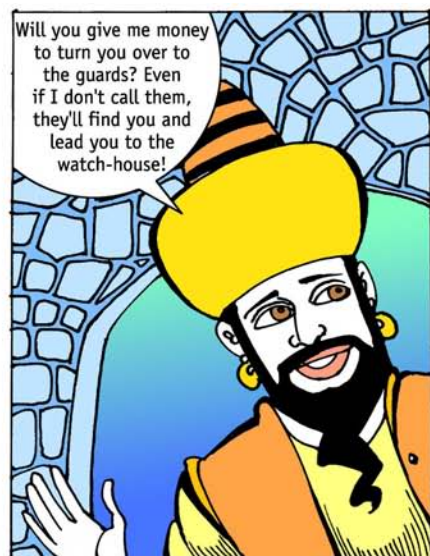


Yes, what's it?

Tomorrow night, when you pass by the Kazi's house, you will see me lying in a drunken state in front of the Kazi's door. You must call the city guards and hand me over to them.

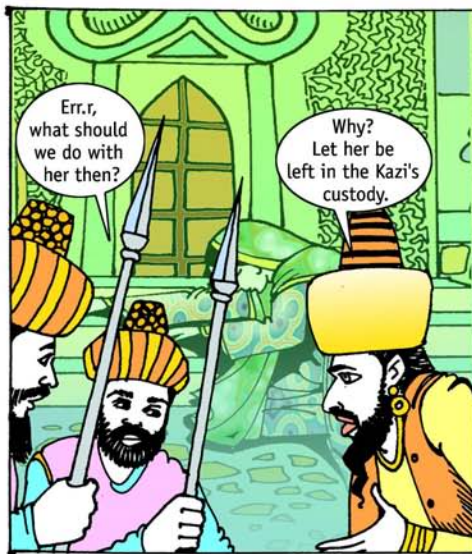


# The Arabian Nights : The Mysterious Woman

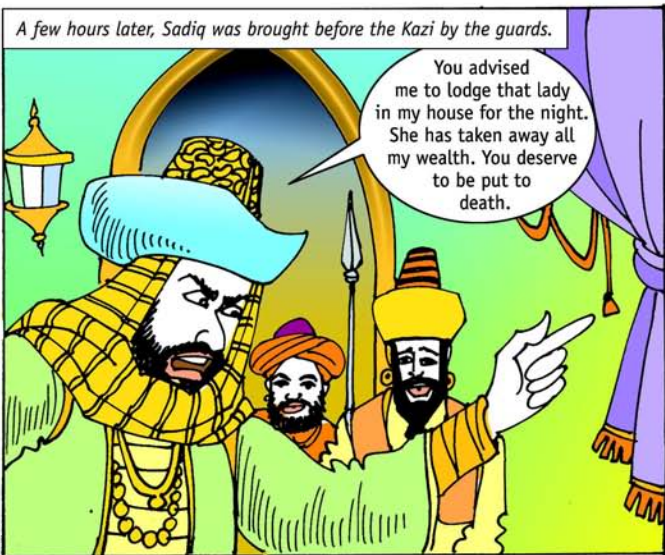
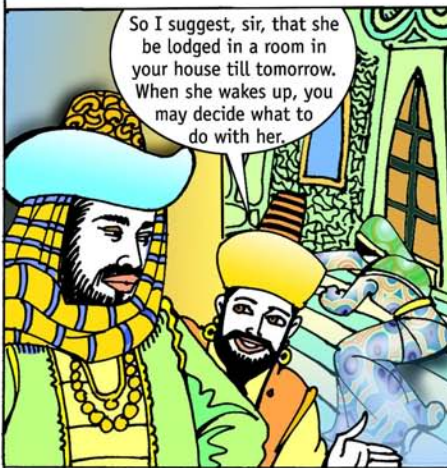




# The Arabian Nights : The Mysterious Woman

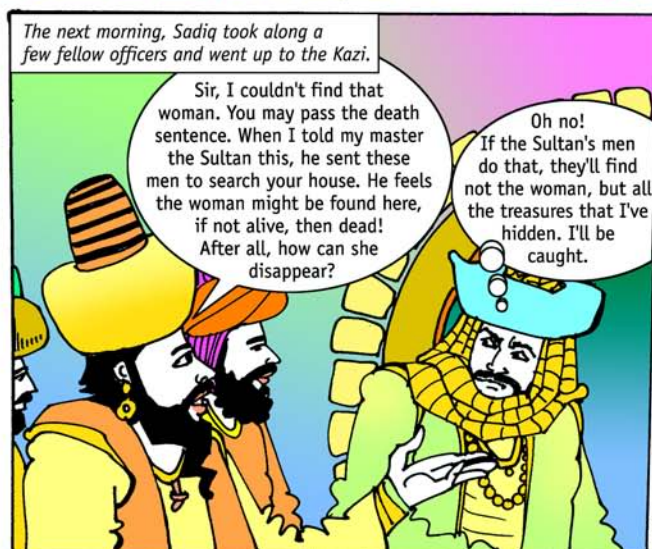
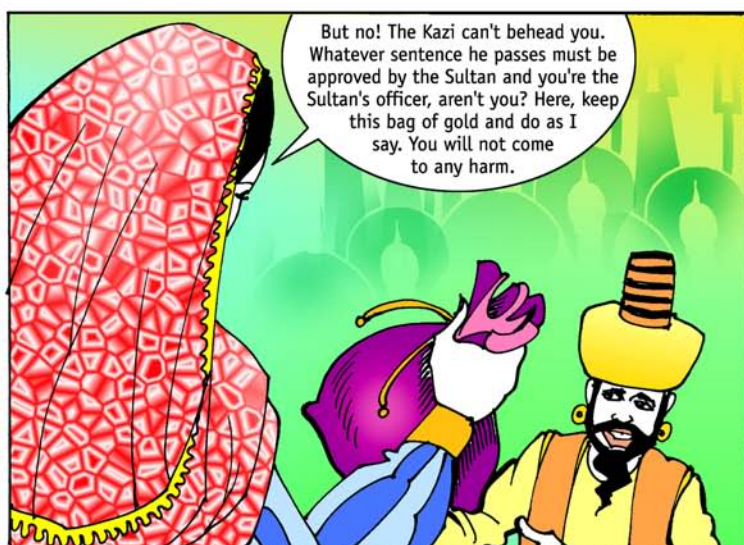
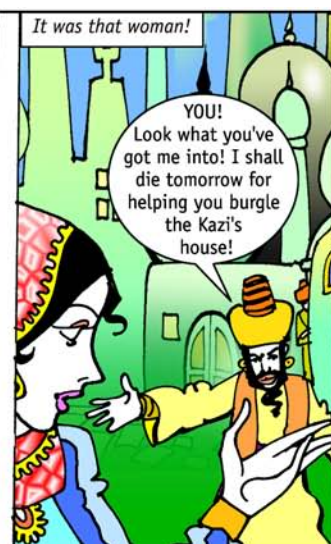
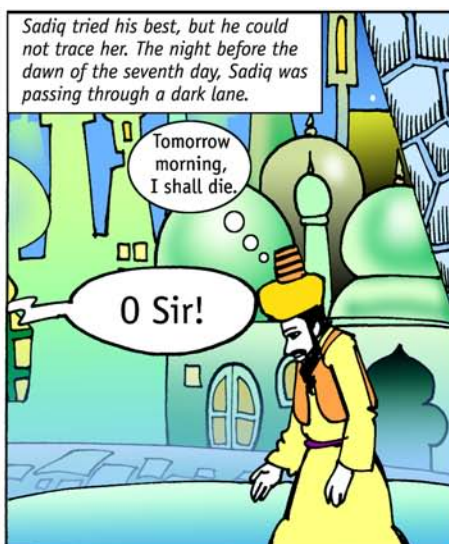
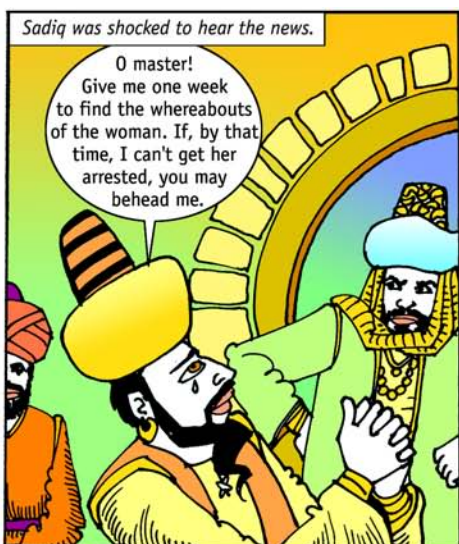


Just then the Kazi came out attracted by all the noise. Sadiq narrated to him all that had happened.





# The Arabian Nights : The Mysterious Woman





# FUN TIMES

Hi, kids! Here are some fun activities for you. Try your hand at them. Hope you enjoy yourself! To check your answers please turn to pg. 66



## Patch up the picture



Oh, oh! Somebody has ruined this cute li'l picture of Iggly Wiggly Worm. Don't you want to put it together?

Cut out the section with the little squares and paste it on a cardboard. Cut out the individual squares.

Now try to place them in the correct blank squares and complete Iggly Wiggly's picture. Check out at the end with the actual picture given above.



## Pair them up

Isn't Rinki Rhino striking a cute pose?  
But only two of these pictures look alike. Look keenly and identify them.

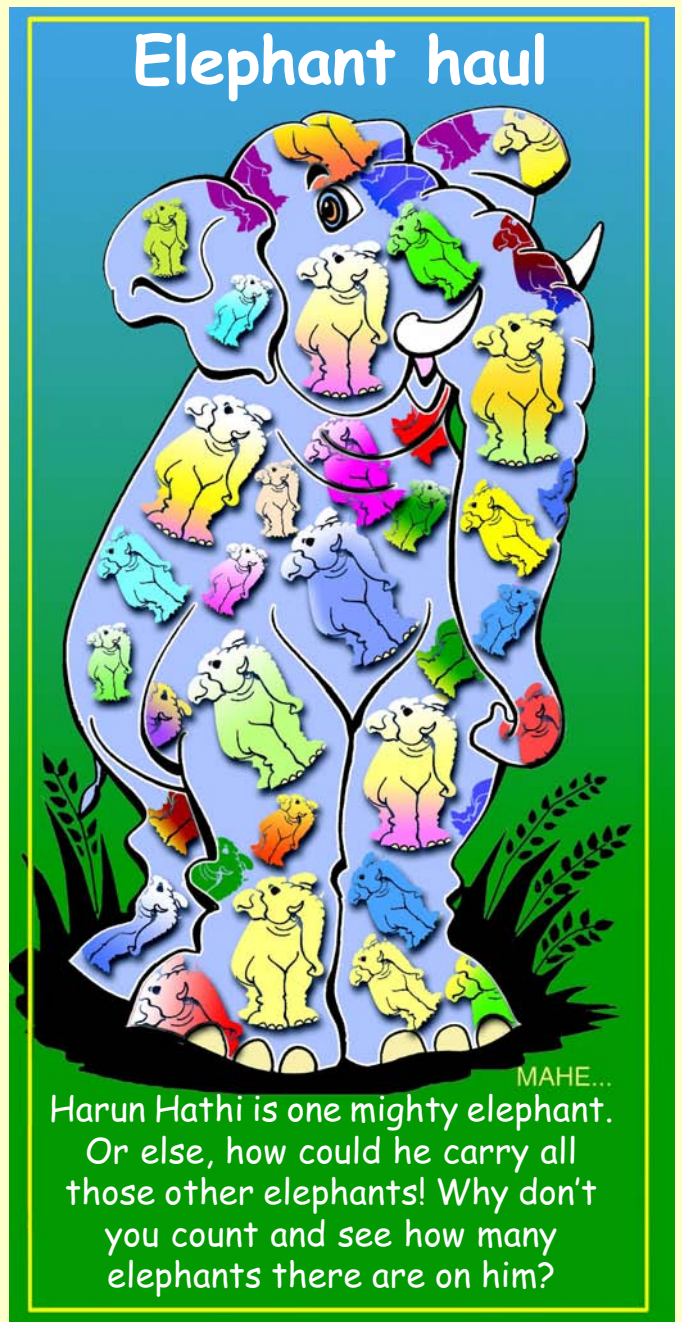


## Mushroom maze

Jhondu Vandu is visiting his granny.  
She seems to have dozed off and not  
heard his shouts. There is a path etched  
on the mushroom's slippery stem, which  
ends at Granny's door. But it is all very  
confusing for Vandu. Can you lead him  
along the right path?

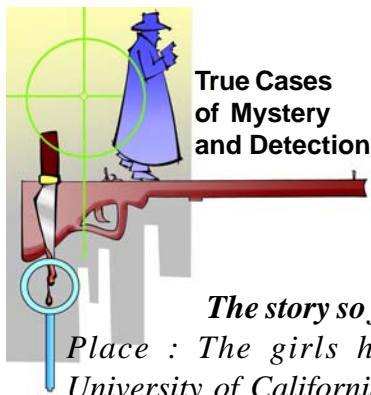


## Elephant haul



Harun Hathi is one mighty elephant.  
Or else, how could he carry all  
those other elephants! Why don't  
you count and see how many  
elephants there are on him?



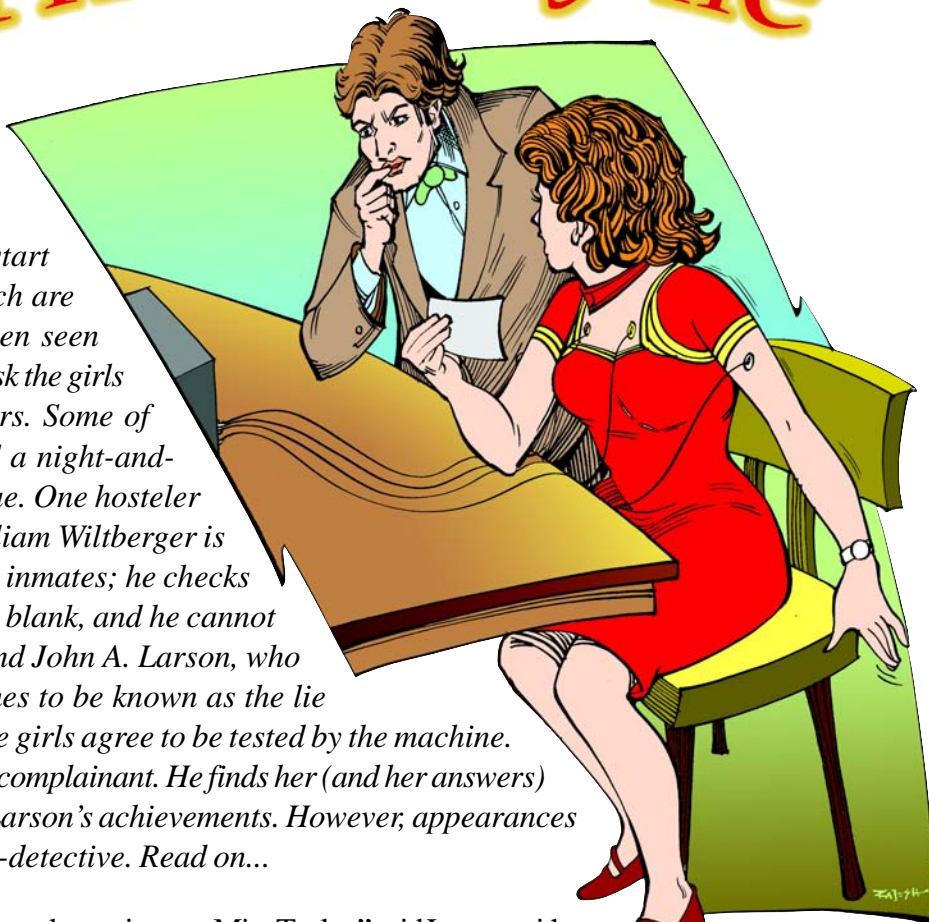


# The lovely lie

## *The story so far:*

*Place : The girls hostel at the University of California in Berkeley, USA.*

*Time : The early 1920s. The inmates start missing things from their rooms, which are quite secure; and no outsider has been seen entering the premises. The authorities ask the girls themselves to find the mischief-makers. Some of them become amateur detectives and a night-and-day vigil is kept. Yet, the thefts continue. One hosteler finally lodges a police complaint. William Wiltberger is put on the job. He questions all the 90 inmates; he checks with the local shops. Everything turns blank, and he cannot find any clue. He then goes to his friend John A. Larson, who has just then invented what later comes to be known as the lie detector. Wiltberger takes his help. The girls agree to be tested by the machine. Larson starts with Margaret Taylor, the complainant. He finds her (and her answers) quite normal. Margaret compliments Larson's achievements. However, appearances can be deceptive, thinks the innovator-detective. Read on...*



**L**arson began by asking irrelevant and casual questions but occasionally putting forth the ones directly related to the case, like:

“Do your parents give you enough pocket money?”

“Have you ever felt envious of your friends who are better dressed, and the pretty things they possess?”

“Do you like reading stories of crime and detection?”

“Now, I am going to pronounce certain words, and for each word you have to tell me at once what you associate with it or the idea. Ready? Let's begin: Flower. Locket. Sky. Crime. Table. Locker. Bird. Purse.”

Margaret Taylor answered all the questions very smartly and spontaneously, without the slightest hesitation. Larson studied the effect on the graph. Such main key words as “crime”, “locket”, “purse”, and “locker” had not produced any change from the normal in her pulse, blood pressure, and other physical reactions.

“Thank you very much for your patient cooperation,

Miss Taylor,” said Larson with a deep sigh as he saw her to the door.

Similar tests were carried out on all the other residents of the hostel for the next several days.

“Are the results encouraging?” enquired officer Wiltberger after the examinations were over. “I suppose you don't have to repeat some of the tests.”

“Though I have drawn my conclusions on the case, I propose a retest of Margaret Taylor. May I request you to call her again?” said Larson.

“If he had made up his mind then why does he want to examine her again? Could *she* be the culprit? Perhaps, he wants to be very sure.” Nevertheless, Wiltberger brought her into Larson's chamber and left them alone. The lie detector was readied and the sensors were attached to various parts of her body.

“I would like to put to you a very genuine question. Please make sure that you answer it truthfully. It's here



written on this piece of paper. Now go ahead," said Larson in a measured tone.

Margaret Taylor read the four words. She then looked at the young, handsome man sitting in front, her acquaintance with whom was just few days old. Her face turned crimson. The detective kept an eye on his machine and the graph. His face, too, became red. For, this special question was not put to any of the other eighty-nine girls.

The young lady's answer was a quick and vehement "NO!" At once the needle of the lie detector jumped with a start. Larson candidly pointed it out to her. She had been proved untruthful. She broke down and confessed that she had indeed told a lie. Then looking straight into his eyes *she* repeated that very question. "Do you love me?"

"Yes, I do," answered Larson with his heart almost in his mouth. He pronounced the same three words once again at the altar when they both got married one year later.

Indeed, this had nothing to do with the mysterious thefts in the hostel. But it assured Larsen of the efficacy of his invention. He grew confident that such tests could be successfully used in criminal investigations.

Larson had indeed found the culprit of the baffling thefts in the hostel. She was another of the eighty-nine girls. She finally confessed when told how the lie detector had pointed to her guilt. All the stolen goods so long cleverly hidden by her were recovered and restored to their respective owners.

It was not before long that Larson became famous in his field solving many important criminal cases, which might have still remained enigmas but for his unique lie detector. He even taught scores of police officers and detectives how to effectively use the instrument.

It was way back in 1920 that John A. Larson invented this scientific device. His very first case of detection that very year had won him a lovely wife.

## Dear kettle and darling ladder

Aunty Rani went to Aunty Soni and asked, "Can I borrow your tea kettle for an hour?" Aunty Soni replied, "The tea kettle is very attached to my family and will not leave the house for even a minute. Why don't you make your tea here at my house?" Aunty Rani went away, unhappy.

The next day Aunty Soni wanted a ladder. So she approached Aunty Rani and said, 'Can you lend me your ladder for a day? I want to clean my roof.' Aunty Rani retorted: "My ladder likes us so much that it won't leave our house at all. Why don't you climb up here itself and clean *my roof* instead?"



## Due next month

The old man was rich but not very smart. One day a clever man went to him to borrow money. He wrote out a note which read, "I shall return the money to you on the fifth day of the next month." He signed it and left it with the old man.

The next month on the fifth, the old man came to him and said, "The money I lent you is due for return today as per the note you gave me." The borrower said, "Oh, no! The money is not due yet. Look well in the note I gave you. It says, I should return this loaned money on the fifth day of the next month. And today is only the fifth day of the *present* month. So you must wait till the fifth day of the *next* month!"



# TREES mean LIFE and SHELTER

*“He who planteth a tree is a servant of God. He doeth a kindness for many generations. And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.”*

*- Henry Van Dyke (The Friendly Trees)*

**T**o a weary traveller stretched out under the shade of a spreading tree, nothing could be more welcome than the cool shade it provides. If birds and beasts can talk the way we do, they would certainly say, “Thank you, tree, for the berries and leaves, for our resting and nesting places.”

It is often said, “Wood is man’s best friend... it held him in his cradle; was the frame of the cot he came to; the log of his hearth; and will make his last home.” Wood indeed is versatile and the uses of a tree, manifold.

That a tree can provide a little habitation for vagrant gypsies I discovered when, in the Nilgiri Hills, I came upon this great jumlum tree with buttressed roots within whose meagre hollow of mud and root, a man and his daughter had made a home. The little girl swept the space, lit a fire, and cooked a little something, always flashing a beatific smile of perfect contentment. Can you imagine the hardships endured, exposed as the two were, to chill blasts or pelting rain? If you happened to pass that way at dusk, you would see a heavy plank placed across the ‘entrance’, the feeble glow of a kerosene lamp that filtered through the cracks, alone revealing to a passer-by that someone dwelt within. To the man and his little daughter, that tree was benevolence to the core. To anyone who cared to pause and observe the twosome that made up that family, it was a great moral lesson.

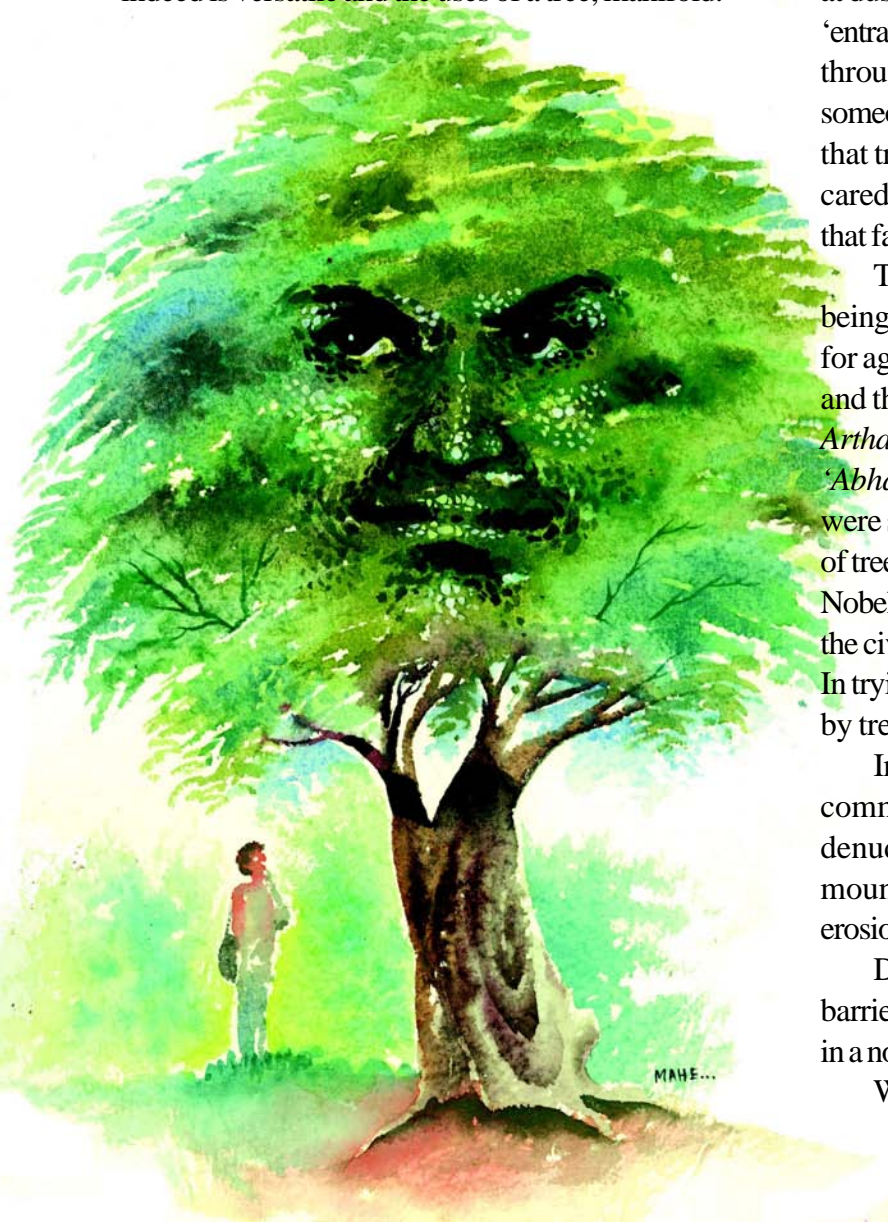
Tree conservation did not start only after human-beings, in their desire to construct massive buildings or for agricultural purposes, began to fell trees ruthlessly, and the devastation caused ecological imbalance. The *Arthashastra* of Kautilya mentions protected forests or ‘*Abhayaranya*’, where not only animals but trees, too, were shielded. Manu the law-giver decreed that cutting of trees indiscriminately should not go unpunished. Our Nobel Laureate Rabindranath Tagore has pointed out that the civilisation of our country was created in the forests. In trying to emphasise the invaluable contribution made by trees, the *Agnipurana* equates a tree to ten sons.

In hilly places like the Nilgiris, where landslides are common during the monsoon, it is the large scale denudation of hill-slopes that is responsible because mountainous slopes without trees are very prone to erosion.

Did you know that trees even make effective sound-barriers? So, plant trees all around if you happen to live in a noisy locality.

We have some very ancient trees in our land, but if

Chandamama





You would have studied about trees in your textbooks. Perhaps some of you are part of tree planting and tree conservation programmes in your school or elsewhere. Forests are indispensable, for they govern Nature as much as oceans do. No doubt you all know that trees:

- regulate temperature, wind movements, and the degree of humidity;
- draw water from the ground and pump it into the air through leaves;
- reduce atmospheric pollution considerably;
- absorb carbon dioxide and release oxygen;
- check erosion and landslides.

you want to see real titans among trees, you will have to travel very far. The mightiest are the giant sequoias with thirty centuries of growth behind them, and the redwood of the California Coast ranges. General Sherman, an “all round exemplary giant sequoia”, is 83m high, with a basal circumference of 31m. The home of the giant sequoia lies on the western slopes of Sierra Nevada, at an altitude between 1,219m and 2,591m.

If you cannot travel great distances, then Aramby, a eucalyptus plantation in the Nilgiris, has some trees really worth the viewing. The tallest among these blue gum trees is one which is 69m high.

What colour trees impart to life! Even a dull and drab

surrounding is highlighted gloriously by a flowering tree. As you weave your way through the noisy traffic in a crowded city and suddenly, in the midst of all the din and pollution, you see an acacia, laburnum or a gul mohur splashing their bright hues, you cannot but stop awhile to admire. You regain your breath, feel your drooping spirits rise, and feeling refreshed and revived, you move on with renewed strength and vigour.

What a boon indeed are trees to mankind! As city life gets more congested and polluted with each passing day, what better place can one desire for a brief get-away than some sylvan retreat set amidst a vast stretch of life-giving trees?  
**- By Kalyani Davidar**

## Bean Bagging

What are birthday parties without games? Here's a great little game that you can organise for your friends when they attend your birthday party. Four of you can play this game at a time. All that you need are a bowl of dried *rajma*, a sheet of paper and a pencil.

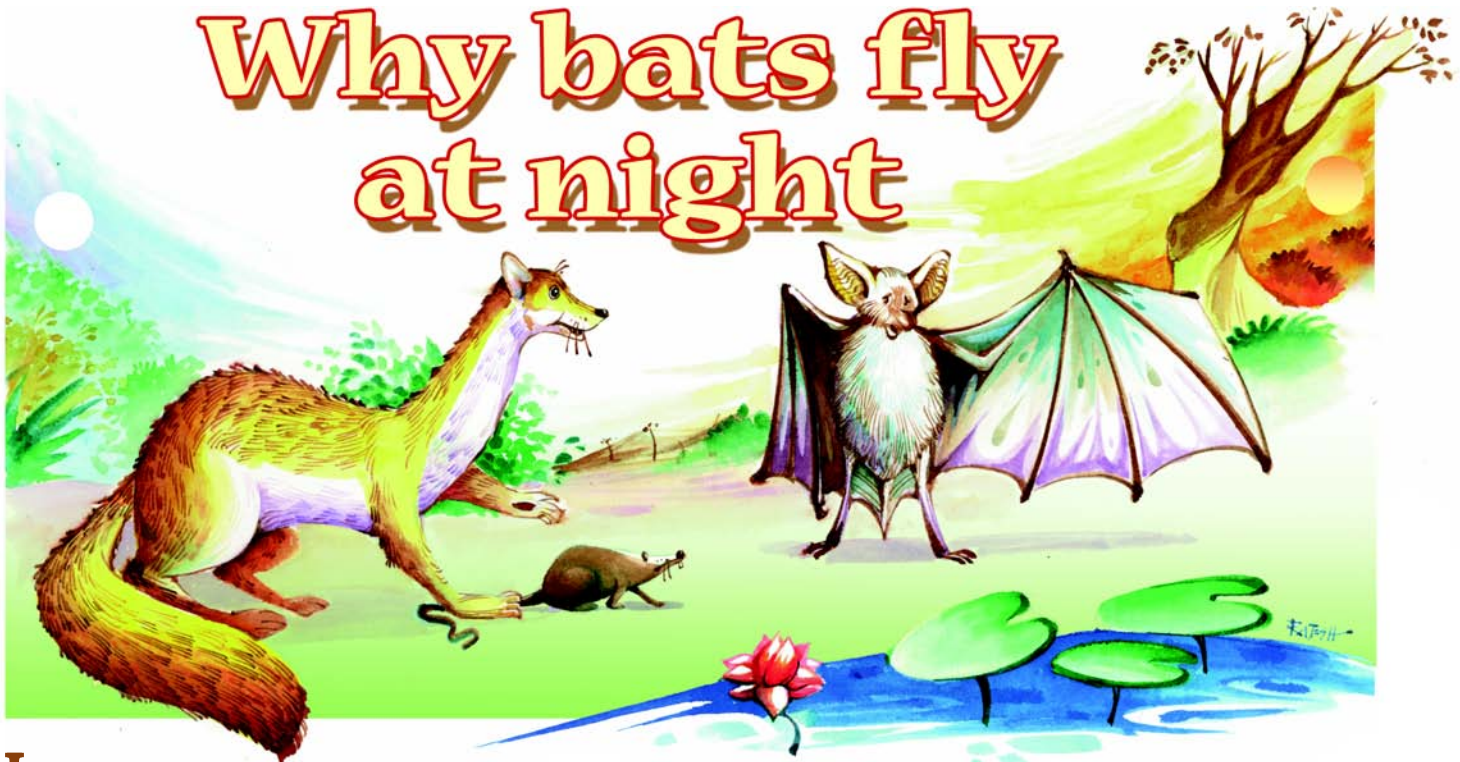
Number the corners of a piece of paper from zero to three. Each player can write his or her initials near the number. One player takes a handful of beans and places it on the paper. The beans are then divided among the four players equally. When the beans cannot be divided among them anymore equally, stop the game. The person whose number (written in a corner of the paper) matches the number of beans remaining on the table is the winner. He gets the extra beans.

You may deal out the beans five times. At the end of the five games, whichever player has the largest pile of beans is the winner.





# Why bats fly at night



**L**ong long ago when the sun and the moon were good friends and rose together in the sky, down in the forest of the earth, things were different. Lions and deer frolicked together, and mongoose and snakes went arm in arm. Tigers did not have stripes then, nor leopards, spots and monkeys spoke the language of men. And men? Well, they walked on all fours and chattered like monkeys!

As the sun and the moon rose and set at the same time, the nights were very dark, with just the stars flickering far away and no one, not even the wildest animal, liked to move around at night. The bat was as much a day bird as the rest of the creatures in the forest.

One day, Wawwal the bat had just set out for hunting when he came across a merry fellow, whistling loudly on his way. This was a mongoose. But he had never seen the fellow before, so Wawwal went up to him and introduced himself. "Hi, I'm Wawwal," he said. "I haven't seen you hereabouts."

"I'm Keeri," replied the sprightly mongoose. "I've just moved in here." So they chatted to each other and went hunting together. But because Wawwal was a little near-sighted, it was always Keeri who saw the prey first. So by the end of the day, Keeri had filled his tummy and was burping aloud, while poor Wawwal just about managed to keep body and soul together.

Naturally, Wawwal felt a little grumpy about it. He found Keeri's burps very irritating, and winced every time he heard one. And when Keeri said, "O, I'm so full. I cannot walk," and halted midway, Wawwal made a face. But Keeri could not see this as it had grown quite dark by then. He continued to prattle. You can imagine Wawwal's fury when Keeri said, 'Poor Wawwal! You didn't get a bellyful, did you? Well, better luck tomorrow.'

As they were parting to go their separate ways to their homes, Keeri saw a mouse scampering by and he grabbed him. He handed the dead mouse to Wawwal and said, "Here, Wawwal. I've had more than enough for the day and can't take another morsel. You can have this mouse!" Wawwal's pride was hurt and he refused the mouse, though it was so fleshy that his mouth watered at its sight.

Though at the end of the day they parted as friends, Wawwal was not at all impressed by his new friend. By the time it was morning, Wawwal had decided that he would somehow have to teach that smug, so smart fellow a lesson. But for that, he must win the fellow's trust.

So the next day, when he met Keeri on the road, he invited him home to dinner. "Let me cook you a meal like the man monkeys cook!"

"Cook? What's cook?" asked Keeri.



“Well, the man monkeys do not gobble up the food as they find it. They wash it in water, cut it into small pieces, put the pieces into things they call pots, and cook them over a fire with water and spices. And this cooked food smells great and tastes wonderful, too. I learnt cooking from a man monkey, who lives close to my house. His wife gave me some spices.”

Keeri was a lover of good food, and so he was only too happy to accept the invitation. That day both Keeri and Wawwal saved much of their prey for the promised feast. In the evening, they went to Wawwal’s lair where he bustled about doing a whole lot of confusing things while Keeri put up his feet and dozed. When the food was ready, Wawwal shook him awake and said, “Hey, c’mon! Food’s ready!”

Keeri gingerly picked up a piece and nibbled at it. Yum! It tasted great. He ate and ate and ate till he felt quite stuffed and then he told Wawwal, “Boy! You sure are one great cook! Please do teach me to cook, too!”

Wawwal was waiting just for this. “Well, you first fill this pot with water and set it to boil. When it is boiling, you must take a dip in it. Your body will impart the right flavour to your food! After you come out, you must put the pieces of meat in it, add salt and the other spices and let it simmer till the meat is soft!”

Then Wawwal presented Keeri with a big pot and a little of the herbs and spices that he had got from the man monkeys.

The next day, both Keeri and Wawwal waited impatiently for the day to end. They had different reasons, of course. Keeri wanted to get home and try his hand at cooking. And Wawwal? Well, he wanted to enjoy seeing Keeri in the boiling pot!

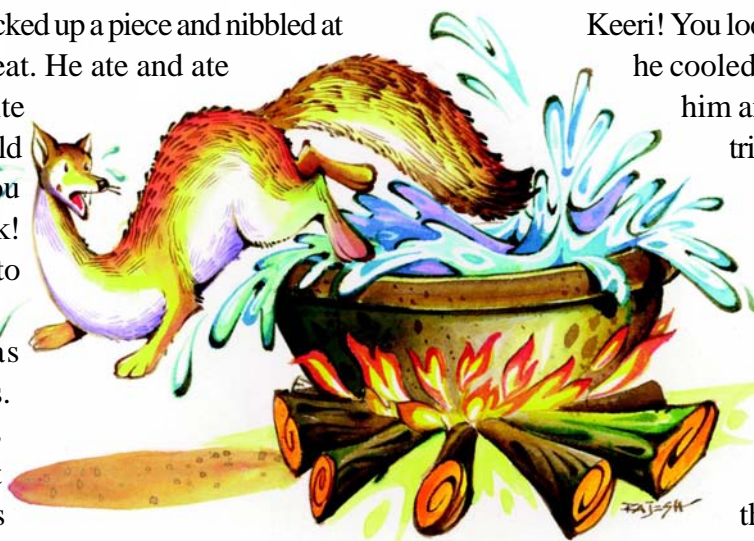
Well, to cut the sad story short, poor Keeri set the pot to boil and when the water was boiling, he jumped into it. What a nasty shock he got! He jumped out, screaming in pain and streaked off towards the pool.



All along the way flew Wawwal, screeching with laughter. “O Keeri, Keeri! You look so funny,” he squealed. As he cooled off in the pool, Keeri heard him and realised that he had been tricked.

“Hey, you nasty creature!” he yelled, shaking his forepaw. “I swear that I’ll take revenge for this! I won’t let you live in peace hereafter. Just you wait!”

Wawwal was so frightened when he heard the threat that he never was seen during the day again. And ever since then, the furry coat of mongooses have always looked singed and bats have never dared show their faces during the day.



## PROVERBS FOR U!

Goodness  
speaks in a whisper,  
evil shouts.  
- Tibetan proverb



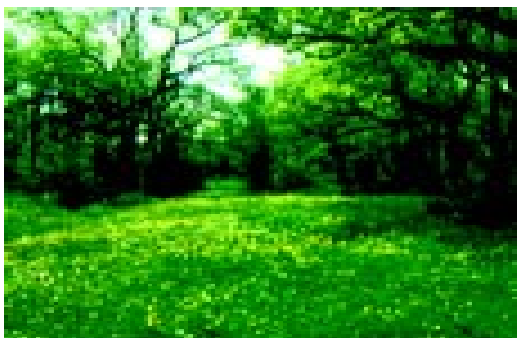
Never give  
advice unless asked.  
- German proverb



# Similipal

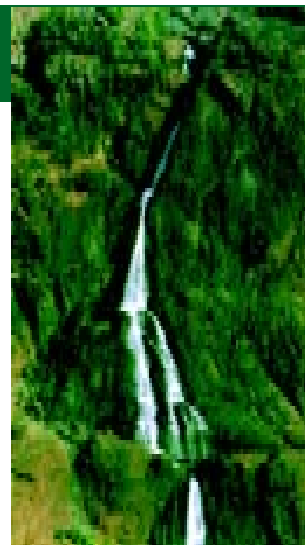
If your idea of a holiday is to wind your way through acres of forests, taking in the fresh fragrance of vegetation and enjoying the varied cries and calls of birds, make a beeline for the Similipal Reserve Forest in Orissa.

Similipal lies on a plateau with an average elevation of 900 metres. The Similipal Reserve Forest sprawls over a vast area of 2,750 sq km. As it spreads over a wide area, its elevation varies from place to place, and the different parts of the forest experience a wide variation in rainfall. So the flora in the forest also varies from dry deciduous to moist



evergreen forests. This forest is a biosphere reserve and a wildlife sanctuary, besides being a Project Tiger site.

About 1,076 species of plants, 87 varieties of orchids, 42 species of mammals, 29 types of reptiles and 231 species of birds make a home in Similipal. The scenic beauty of the hill peaks of Khairiburu and Meghasani and sparkling rivers like Budhabalanga, Khairi and Salandi are the other attractions of Similipal. The crocodile rearing centre at Ramtirtha near Jashipur is a must-see for all tourists.



## How to reach there:

Similipal can be approached from Puthabata (22km from Baripada) or Jashipur (94km from Baripada). Similipal remains open from November 1 to June 15 only. To enter the Similipal Reserve Forest you need an entry permit that can be obtained at the entry points at Puthabata or Jashipur.



## The more, the merrier

How many kinds of plants and animals can you name? According to scientists, nearly two million species of animals and plants have been identified on earth so far. But these scientists also say that there might be as many as 20 million of them.

## Heavenly neighbour

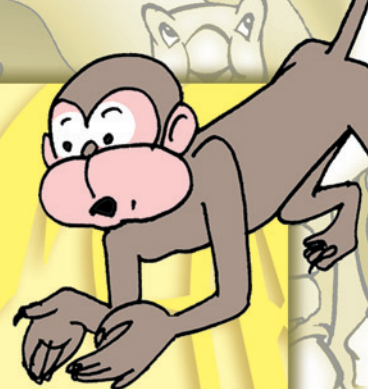
Have you seen the Andromeda galaxy? Look keenly and you might just see it. It is the farthest object in the sky that we can see with the naked eye. Andromeda is dimly visible from parts of the northern hemisphere during autumn and winter. This galaxy is two and a quarter million light years away from earth.







Good news  
for young  
bookworms!



**Hiya! What has hit the animal world?**

**Listen hard and look keenly.**

**D'you hear the jingle of the jungle?**

# JUNGLE JINGLES



Hurry, pals!  
Remember  
- only early  
birds catch  
the worm!



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with the whackiest and most  
interesting collection of animal stories ever written.

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# Laugh till you drop!

**Teacher:** Sruti, spell a mouse.

**Sruti:** M-O-U-S.

**Teacher:** You've almost got it right. What comes at the end?

**Sruti:** The mouse's tail!



★★★



**Teacher:** Where's your pencil, Sonu?

**Sonu:** I no have any!

**Teacher:** NO, that's wrong English. You must say, I don't

have a pencil. She doesn't have a pencil, he doesn't have a pencil, they do not have a pencil, we do not have a pencil...

**Sonu:** Why? Where have all the pencils gone?

★★★

**Girl to the clerk at the post office counter:** Thanks for the stamp. Should I stick it on myself?

**Clerk:** No, stick it on the letter.



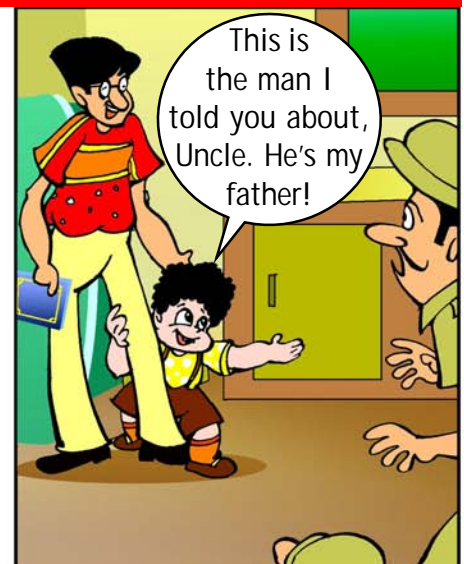
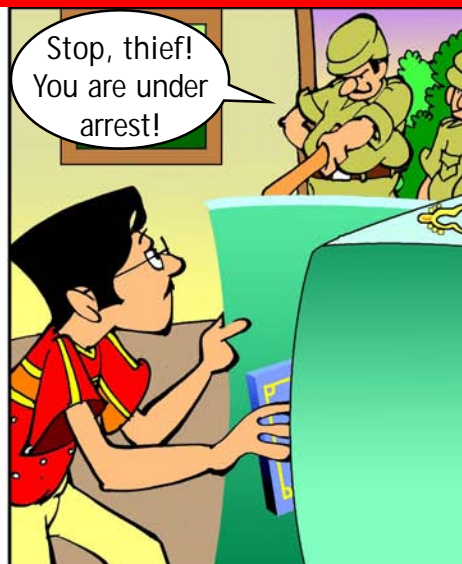
**Father:** Everything is going up. The prices of food items; the charges for electricity; the taxes I pay. If only something would come down...

**Son:** Don't worry, father, there's something that's coming down.

**Father:** What's that?

**Son:** The marks in my report card.

## Dushtu Dattu





**Sqn.Ldr.A.Ahluwalia, Gandhinagar, writes:**  
After nearly 20 years, I happened to pick up *Chandamama* and was thrilled to go through the contents. Congratulations!

### On Chandamama's Website

I was extremely impressed by the graphics. Congratulations on the excellent site design. I have been reading *Chandamama* from my childhood, which is around 30 years back. -- **Mukesh Rao**  
I (in fact, my whole family) have been consistent reader(s) of *Chandamama* for the last 15 years. Now that you have started your website, people all over the world get a chance to learn from the timeless wisdom of India, so nicely captured and communicated in the form of short but inspiring stories.

- **Sheshagiri Ch.**

I am a regular reader of your *Chandamama* daily story on the web. I thank you for the stories and also the "quote of the day", which is really good. I liked the one by Swami Vivekananda.

- **T.Ravikiran**



### **P.Paban Kumar writes from Bellary:**

I thank you for selecting my story "All the world's a stage" and publishing it in the *Children's Special* (November 2002). I also thank you very much for your encouragement of child-writers like me.

### **By e-mail from Shobha Modak:**

The last time I read *Chandamama* was ages ago, when I was a school kid. Recently, while travelling, my husband picked up a copy for our children in an attempt to occupy their minds gainfully. All my memories of "Chandamama childhood" came flooding back. The children were immensely entertained and were eager for more of the same. We have once again got into the "Chandamama habit". Please keep up the good work, and thank you for caring about the character development as well as the intellectual growth of our children.



★ **Why is the sound produced by compact discs (CD) so very clear?**

- **Bhagyashree Rau, Bangalore**

Sound was earlier captured on discs (long playing records) as well as audio-tapes. However, there were possibilities of the discs getting scratched or dirty; tapes in cassettes could also stretch and break. Then came CDs in which sound is sealed for life. The 'playing surface' is never touched and the recordings remain crystal clear for long years. The computer which records the sound is programmed to reproduce sound more accurately than any other home player, like the gramophone or transistor. The CD is also computerised. The recording is done using computer codes, called digital recording. Inside the CD, a laser beam 'reads' these codes and feeds them to the computer which, in turn, converts the codes back into sound, which is pure and clean without any hiss or crackle.

## Brains and Books Answers to November Quiz

1. Glimpses of World History (1934), Autobiography (1936), Discovery of India (1946), 2. Minister of Information and Broadcasting, 3. Lawyer, 4. 49 years, 5. 1989, 6. Cartoonist Shankar, 7. Launching of the cartoon journal *Shankar's Weekly* (1949), 8. USSR 9. Nationalisation of Banks, 10. 1980.

**There was no all-correct entry. Only one entry had the correct answer to No.6; but the participant went wrong in No.7.**





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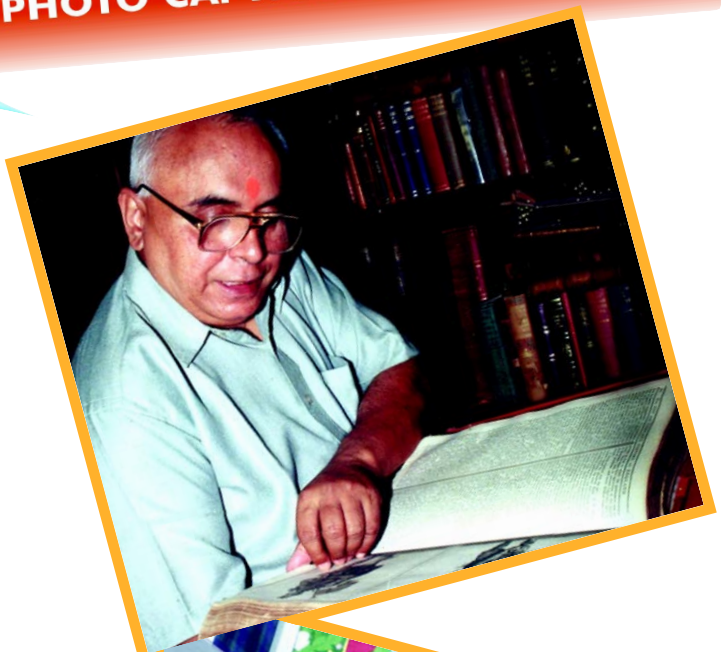
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**"Love moves on shoulders"**  
**"Love rests on lap"**



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**FUN TIMES**  
**Answers**

*Pair them up:* Pictures 2  
and 4 are  
similar.

*Elephant haul:* 39 elements

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